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THE SOCIAL CENTRE OF SPORTING INTEREST FOR A FORTNIGHT: THE ALL-ENGLAND LAWN-TENNIS CLUB—  
OUTSIDE THE CENTRE COURT AT WIMBLEDON.

This week and last week, all eyes have turned to Wimbledon, where the great Lawn-Tennis Championships have been fought out, and first-class players from over the world have met on the most famous lawn-tennis courts in existence. Our photograph gives a very good idea of the scene at the All-England Lawn-Tennis Club any day during the fortnight's meeting. The building on the left

is the stadium round the centre court, which is packed with spectators daily; while on the right may be seen some of the other courts, on which almost equally exciting matches are played. The parade of well-dressed people recalls the fashionable crowd at a race-meeting, and, although "Ascot" gowns are not worn at Wimbledon, many attractive frocks are to be seen.

PHOTOGRAPH BY PHOTOPRESS





By G. K. CHESTERTON.

MR. H. G. WELLS has been rebuking Miss Rebecca West for lowering herself to "the earthy romanticism of Belloc and Chesterton," because she says, very sensibly, that the anarchy called America would be more orderly if it really had a peasantry. I should have thought that it had already the root of one, in some agricultural patches; but I am sure she knows America better than I do. Anyhow, she is perfectly right where Mr. Wells thinks she is wrong—about the connection between small property and steady popular government. The examples Mr. Wells gives to the contrary are easily refuted. He says that England has had no peasantry and is orderly, while Russia has been a peasantry and has been disorderly. And this is curious, to begin with, because quite recently Mr. Wells selected England and Russia as examples of extremes or exceptions that do not really belong to the civilisation of Europe at all. In the present case he has to cling to the extreme edges, to hang on to his two exceptions, and simply leave out the civilisation of Europe altogether.

Now, without thinking England and Russia so exceptional as he thought them then, or so universal as he thinks them now, it is not hard to see why or to what extent they can be cited against Miss West's general truth. Certainly England has been orderly, much too orderly. But England has been orderly because she has been oligarchical. Nobody ever denied that a pure aristocracy could be as orderly as Carthage and Venice; the most completely orderly State is a servile State. What we earthy romanticists say is that an orderly State cannot be democratic unless it is distributive. Since the Reformation, England has been governed by a governing class, which possessed practically all the land and capital. If the political power is to pass to the ordinary citizen, the land and capital must pass to the ordinary citizen. That is our romance, and it is certainly very earthy in the sense of highly realistic and practical.

Mr. Wells's exception of Russia is still more obviously an exception that proves the rule. It really was on a barbaric borderland of Europe where processes were more belated and less clear. It had peasants rather than a peasantry—that is, it did not set itself logically and legally to have a peasantry as did France, now one of the most conservative of countries. Russia has been full of potential peasants who until quite recently were called serfs. And when they ceased to be serfs, no sufficient trouble was taken to turn them into real peasant proprietors. They are, therefore, the most unfair and unfortunate example that could possibly be taken of that distributive government which covers three-quarters of the white civilisation. Mr. Wells has taken an unfair example; but even his own unfair example is against him. Under all these hampering handicaps, the agricultural life of Russia had organised itself into peaceful popular governments from before the beginning of history. It had a system of communes, or small self-governing councils, with all sorts of highly liberal enlargements, such as female suffrage. They were democratic in origin, and they were probably distributive in spirit. But it was not from them that the final fury came—the revolution that was a conspiracy and a collapse. It was not they who dissolved the Russian Empire. It was not they who destroyed the Russian nation. These things were dissolved as in water, these things were destroyed as by fire, at the first touch of the modern town. So far from destroying the traditions, the peasants saved what could be saved of them, by seizing the land as private

property and defending it as private property. In this they defied Bolshevism; and in this they defeated Bolshevism. But Bolshevism was entirely a thing of the industrial cities. In other words, what really dissolved and destroyed Russia was that industrial anarchy which is dissolving and destroying America.

But there are other aspects of the difference between Miss West and Mr. Wells that are rather interesting. In answer to her reasonable suggestion that a popular stake in the country might steady the American population, he can offer no alternative but his old cult of education. One is tempted to say his old cant of education. Education has become a word

to be passed on somehow, consciously or unconsciously; and that transition may be called education. The culture, the colour and sentiment, the special knowledge and aptitudes of a civilisation must not be lost, but must be left as a legacy. But all this tells us nothing about what the legacy is like. Barbarians will hand down a barbarian culture, cannibals will hand down a cannibal culture, devil-worshippers will hand down a devil-worshipping culture. What we need is to have a culture before we can hand it down. In other words, it is a truth, however sad and strange, that we cannot give what we have not got, and cannot teach to other people what we do not know ourselves.

Everything comes back, therefore, to the question of what is our tradition, our religion, our philosophy; whether it is a peasant philosophy or a proletarian philosophy, or a servile philosophy. What Mr. H. G. Wells means, of course, is simply that everybody ought to be taught his philosophy. When he imagines people being enlightened or sobered or sanely ordered by an abstraction called "education," he simply means that they would be enlightened and sobered and sanely organised by his opinions. In other words, he thinks his own orthodoxy is really orthodox. Same here, as the polished product of our State education would say. I also believe that my own religion is the right religion: but I do not call it education; I call it religion. I also believe that my social philosophy is the sound social philosophy: but I do not think that everybody is bound to get it, merely by being educated.

For Mr. Wells is quite mistaken in supposing that peace must always be prompted by mere study, even his own favourite studies of science or history. It is quite an error to suppose that science as such tends even to internal order, let alone international peace. Take this very example of the lawless spirit in America. Take the terrible business of the burning of negroes. Why, the whole of that sentiment has been and still is justified entirely on grounds of popular science; the sort of science that popular education would make popular. Ask the average American to excuse, or merely to explain, this brutal feeling about the blacks; and he will quite certainly refer it to biological and anthropological notions. He will say, or at least he will say that others say, that the nigger is not so much a man as a monkey; that the very form of his skull forbids him to have a human soul. Before the dawn of science the South was ashamed of slavery. In the daylight of science it was ashamed of having been ashamed of it. With Gobineau and the racial theorists there came a new excuse for every sort of tribal scorn. With Darwin and the evolutionary theorists came a new excuse for every sort of individualistic struggle.

Of course, this is not what Mr. Wells would teach as "education." But it is what "education" might perfectly well teach as science. That is exactly the point; he cannot insure that his own humane ideas will be taught, merely by insuring that biology and anthropology shall be taught. Nor need the blunder, of course, be this particular blunder that set black against white in the nineteenth century. Science has plenty more blunders before her in her brilliant future. Education has any amount of new nonsense in her abundant store. But education is no substitute for a sane social philosophy; it may only mean teaching an insane one, and making a mad world.



AFTER WINNING THE BRITISH OPEN GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP AT HOYLAKE: WALTER HAGEN, OF AMERICA, AND HIS WIFE; WITH THE CUP.

The Open Golf Championship is virtually the championship of the world, and furnished some dramatic results. Hagen won by a single stroke, with a total of 301 for four rounds. He is remarkable not so much for his impeccable golf as for his fighting ability. Two years ago he won the Championship at Sandwich; last year he was beaten by a single putt. Ernest Whitcombe, who nearly saved England, did nine holes in thirty-two strokes.

Photograph by P.I.C.

like Abracadabra. It has become a magic word, a spell, a word of power. It is the sort of spell that was supposed to raise spirits, but it does not raise my spirits. Magic, like music, may have charms to soothe the savage breast, but it does not soothe my savage breast. It has no effect on the shaggy ferocity of an earthy romanticist. To my simple or savage mind it appears self-evident that it is quite useless to settle education until we have settled almost everything else.

What is education? Properly speaking, there is no such thing as education. Education is simply the soul of a society as it passes from one generation to another. Whatever the soul is like, it will have

## OUR ANAGLYPHS.

In this issue we give further examples of our remarkable Anaglyphs—Engines and Gun in the Palace of Engineering at Wembley. Readers who have not yet obtained one of the special masks for viewing our Anaglyphs in stereoscopic relief may do so by filling up the coupon on page 51, and forwarding it with postage stamps value three-halfpence (Inland), or twopence-halfpenny (Foreign), addressed to "The Illustrated London News" (Anaglyph), 15, Essex Street, London, W.C.2.



# THE LAST EIGHT: "HALL-MARKED" MEN'S SINGLES PLAYERS AT WIMBLEDON.

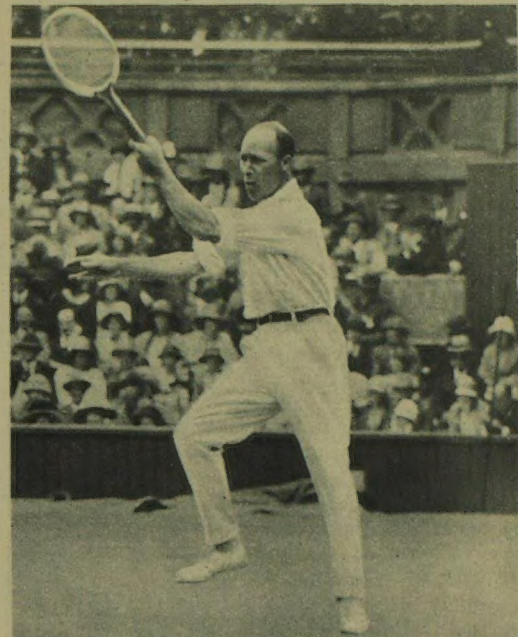
PHOTOGRAPHS BY I.B., ALFIERI, L.N.A., C.N., AND S. AND G.



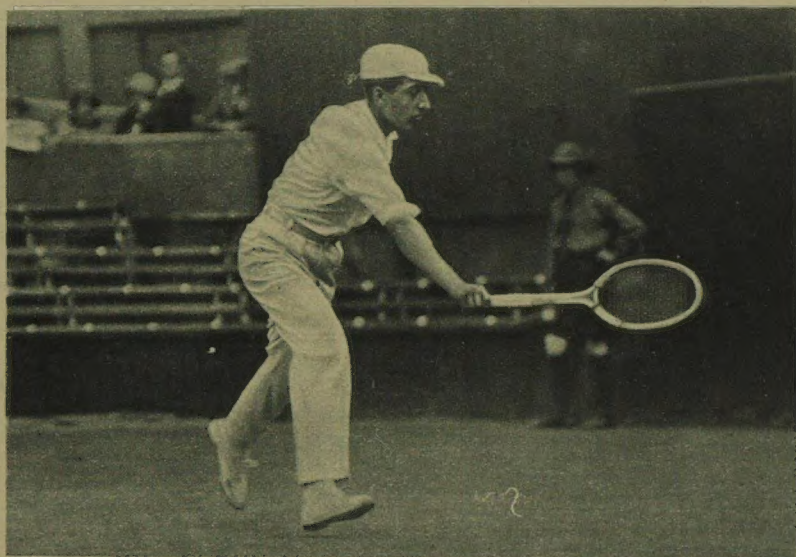
W. M. WASHBURN (AMERICA).



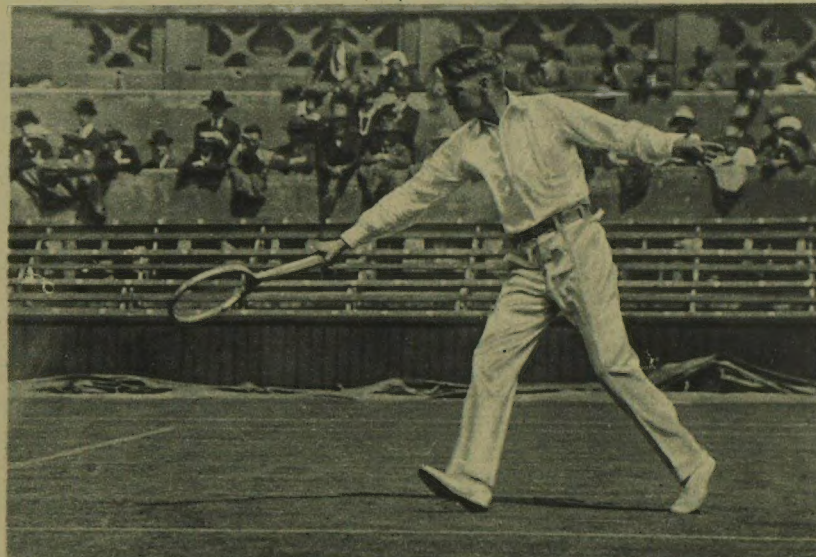
A. R. F. KINGSCOTE (ENGLAND).



J. WASHER (BELGIUM).



R. LACOSTE (FRANCE).



VINCENT RICHARDS (AMERICA).



L. RAYMOND (SOUTH AFRICA).



J. BOROTRA (FRANCE).



R. N. WILLIAMS (AMERICA).

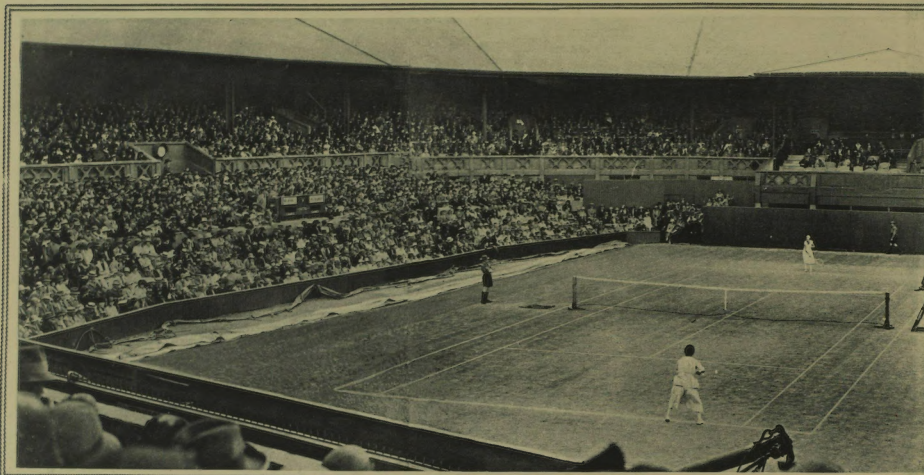
The last eight—the "hall-marked" eight—left in the Men's Singles Championship at Wimbledon at the beginning of the week included, as our page shows, one Englishman, three Americans, one South African, two Frenchmen, and a Belgian. In view of this, it is interesting to recall a table, given in the "Evening News" the other day, which shows how this honour of the eight has been distributed amongst nations during the five years since the war. In 1919 there were three Englishmen left in; with one American, three Australians, and one Frenchman. In 1920 there were three Englishmen, three Americans, one South African, and

one Japanese. In 1921 there were two Englishmen, one American, one South African, one Irishman, one Spaniard, one Japanese, and one Canadian. In 1922 there were four Englishmen, three Australians, and one Irishman. In 1923 there were three Englishmen, two Americans, one South African, one Irishman, and one Spaniard. Of the players in the last eight this year, A. R. F. Kingscote has been in the last eight three times, and R. N. Williams twice. On another page of this issue will be found photographs of the last eight in the Ladies' Singles Championship.

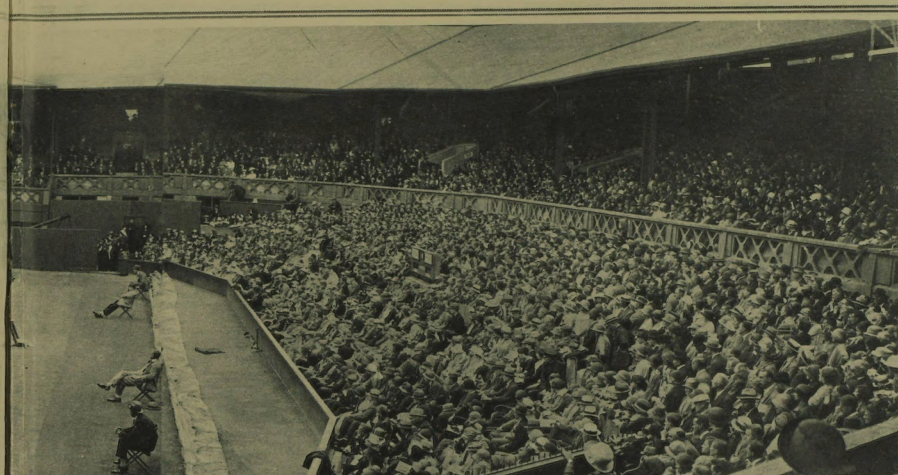


# WHERE THE LAWN-TENNIS GIANTS MEET AT WIMBLEDON: THE MOST FAMOUS "GALLERY" COURTS IN THE WORLD.

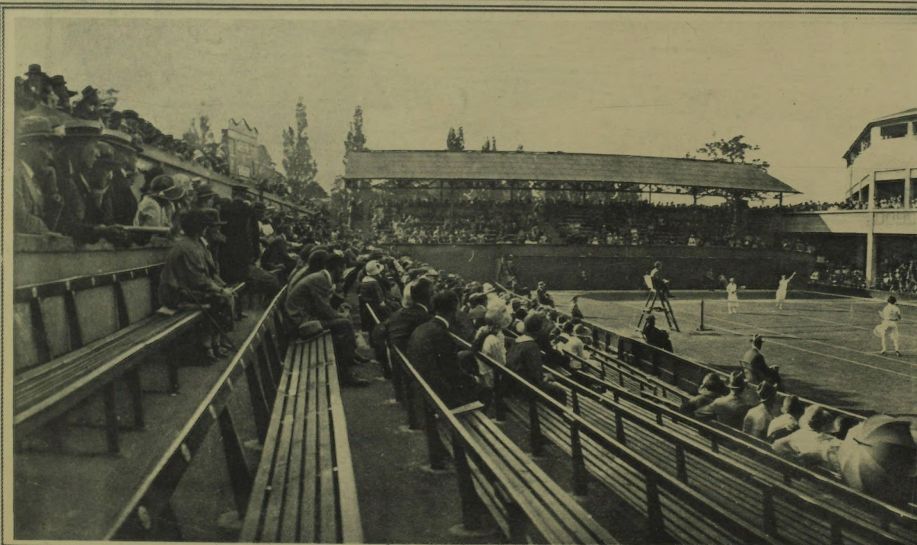
PHOTOGRAPHS BY S. AND G., AND Miss C. N. DALY.



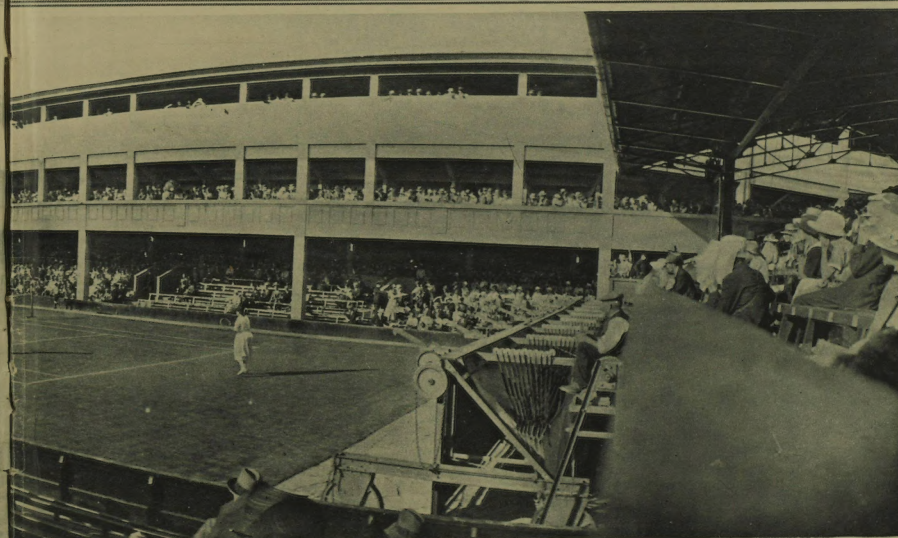
DURING THE GREAT LENGLEN-RYAN MATCH, IN WHICH THE FRENCH PLAYER LOST HER FIRST SET IN EUROPE FOR



FIVE YEARS: THE CENTRE COURT AT THE ALL-ENGLAND LAWN-TENNIS CLUB—THE ROYAL BOX IN THE CENTRE.



A FEATURE OF THIS YEAR'S WIMBLEDON: THE NEW STAND ROUND NO. 1 COURT, WHERE MANY IMPORTANT



MATCHES HAVE BEEN PLAYED—MECHANISM FOR MOVING THE TARPAULIN COURT-COVER ON THE RIGHT.

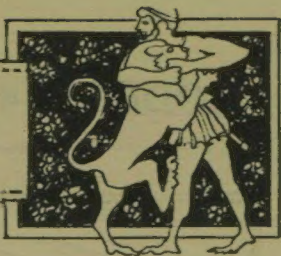
The All-England Lawn-Tennis Club, to which everyone's thoughts have turned for the past fortnight, has long been classified as the world's most famous arena for lawn-tennis. In addition to the famous Centre Court, with its huge stands, from which 19,000 spectators can watch a game, there is now the new No. 1 Court, where 5000 lookers-on can be accommodated. This second "gallery" lawn has been the scene of many matches of tremendous interest this year, and the thrills which have been witnessed from its stands have almost equalled those of the Centre Court. Our photographs give a very good idea of the arrangements of the two courts. The view of the Centre Court shows the Royal Box in the centre; while the players "in action" are (foreground) Miss Ryan and

(background) Mlle. Lenglen. In this match, which the Frenchwoman won after a great struggle (6-2, 6-0, 6-4), Mlle. Lenglen lost her first set in Europe for five years. The fight was a tremendous one, and Miss Ryan has never played better. In the lower photograph Mrs. Wightman, Miss Helen Wills, Mrs. Craddock, and Mrs. Parton are shown (from left to right) in the match in the Ladies' Doubles, which the two American players, Mrs. Wightman and Miss Wills, won on No. 1 Court. The ingenious and elaborate mechanism by which the tarpaulin which covers the turf in case of rain can be extended, is shown on the right of the second photograph.





## Prehistoric Rodeos: Minoan Cowboys and Cowgirls.



By E. J. FORSDYKE, M.A., F.S.A., Assistant Keeper of Greek and Roman Antiquities at the British Museum.

THE feats of strength and skill and daring with which American cowboys have been amazing us at Wembley find their closest counterparts in the records of prehistoric Europe. Our ultra-scientific seekers after truth will doubtless find in this coincidence another ancient link between the two worlds: bull-sports must have been carried by Mediterranean man with his mummy-and-pyramid equipment across the Atlantic (or Pacific), there to descend through Aztec and Mexican to these Anglo-Saxon champions. The less imaginative, however, will be content to note that man will fight or play with anything that makes a show of opposition, and that the bull is a singularly attractive opponent, for a successful

in 1901, show how the game was played. The best-preserved panel (Fig. 7) has a typical cowboy, long-haired, tight-belted, and sunburnt all over, turning a back somersault over a galloping steer. A cowgirl (distinguished by her white skin, but belted and booted like a man) stands ready to catch the tumbler at the beast's tail, while another elegant and smartly dressed young woman grasps the bull by its horns in the first movement of her leap. A remarkable bronze figure (Fig. 4), recently obtained by an English collector, represents the leaper at the finish of the somersault. The complete action is illustrated in a diagram devised by Sir Arthur Evans, the archaeologist, and reproduced below. Running out,

a lithe cowboy tying up a patient or deluded ox: it is thought that the open-mouthed creature behind him may be a decoy cow. The other shows how steers were roped in prehistoric Greece, and what fate befell unskilful ropers before the days of horses.

Steer-wrestling was also part of the Minoan repertory, and had also to be done without the horse's help. An engraved onyx gem shows a man hurling himself down upon a bull which is drinking at a trough. His grip seems to be aimed at the neck and knee. The usual hold was on the horn and muzzle; it is clearly represented on several gems



SOMERSAULTING OVER A STEER: A DIAGRAM DEvised BY SIR ARTHUR EVANS (SEE PANEL ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE).

The Mediterranean men of old worshipped a Nature goddess and held circus games in her honour. Running out to meet the bull, the prehistoric performer caught hold of its horns, half-leaped and was half-tossed over the animal's head, alighted on its back and jumped or fell into the arms of an assistant.

The sport must have been even more thrilling than the steer-wrestling at the Wembley Rodeo, as it is obviously even more difficult and dangerous to face a charging bull than to leap on to its neck from behind as the modern cowboys do. It was, of course, a feat of agility more than of strength.

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contest with him, barehanded, would seem to be impossible. Yet the Cretans made a pretty game of it four thousand years ago.

In the Mycenaean or Minoan Age, which had its origin in Crete, the long-horned wild steer was the unchallenged king of beasts, and chief creature of the great Nature goddess whom the Cretans worshipped. In her honour circus games were held, and victims offered to the bull. A memory of these cruel rites survived in later Greek legends of the Minotaur, the Cnossian monster for whom Athens paid nine yearly tributes of fourteen noble girls and boys, till Theseus slew him. If these unhappy children were exposed to the fury of charging bulls, it is small wonder that some of them developed such agility as ordinary human beings would never dream of. Some painted panels from the walls of the palace of Minos at Cnossos, found there by Sir Arthur Evans

presumably, from the barricade of the arena, the performer catches hold of the bull's horns. Swung upwards with the toss of its head, he (or she) turns backwards through a full circle, stands for a moment, if necessary, on the back, then leaps or falls into the arms of an assistant.

That such performances were often "marred by accidents" is self-evident, and is fully attested by other Minoan records. Blood and agony were doubtless an essential feature of the primitive Mediterranean ritual, and this element has been preserved for later ages in the Roman amphitheatre and the Spanish bull-ring. A stone funnel (Fig. 6), carved with scenes of circus games (the so-called Boxer Vase of Hagia Triada) bears a figure of a man impaled on the horn of a galloping bull. Less formal episodes of a cow-puncher's life are embossed upon the famous gold cups of Vaphio (Fig. 5). One of these represents

and seals from Crete and Mycenae (Figs. 1, 2, and 3), where a man twists the steer's head precisely as the modern cowboy does in throwing the animal.

In later Greece the Thessalians alone had country fit for horses, and they developed steer-wrestling as a mounted act. The Roman *impresario* (who combed the Empire for spectacular novelties, and even presented British war-chariots in the arena) was not likely to miss this superlative attraction; and Thessalian steer-wrestling was duly produced at Rome in the time of Julius Caesar. There the Italian genius improved upon the Greek idea, for (according to Pliny) the cowboys broke the steers' necks by twisting their heads at full gallop. It is unlikely that wanton slaughter formed part of the original show, which, like the Rodeo contest, began in friendly trials of strength between the mounted herdsman and their cattle.



# RODEOS 4000 YEARS AGO: COWBOYS AND COWGIRLS "BULL-DOGGING."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY COURTESY OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM, THE SOCIETY FOR THE PROMOTION OF HELLENIC STUDIES, AND CAPTAIN E. G. S. CHURCHILL, M.C.



1. THE USUAL HORN-AND-MUZZLE HOLD ON A STEER: A CLAY SEAL FROM CNOSSOS.



2. THE BEGINNING OF THE THROW: AN AGATE GEM FROM MYCENÆ, 1600 B.C.



3. A STRUGGLE BETWEEN A COWBOY AND A BULL: A JASPER GEM FROM MYCENÆ.



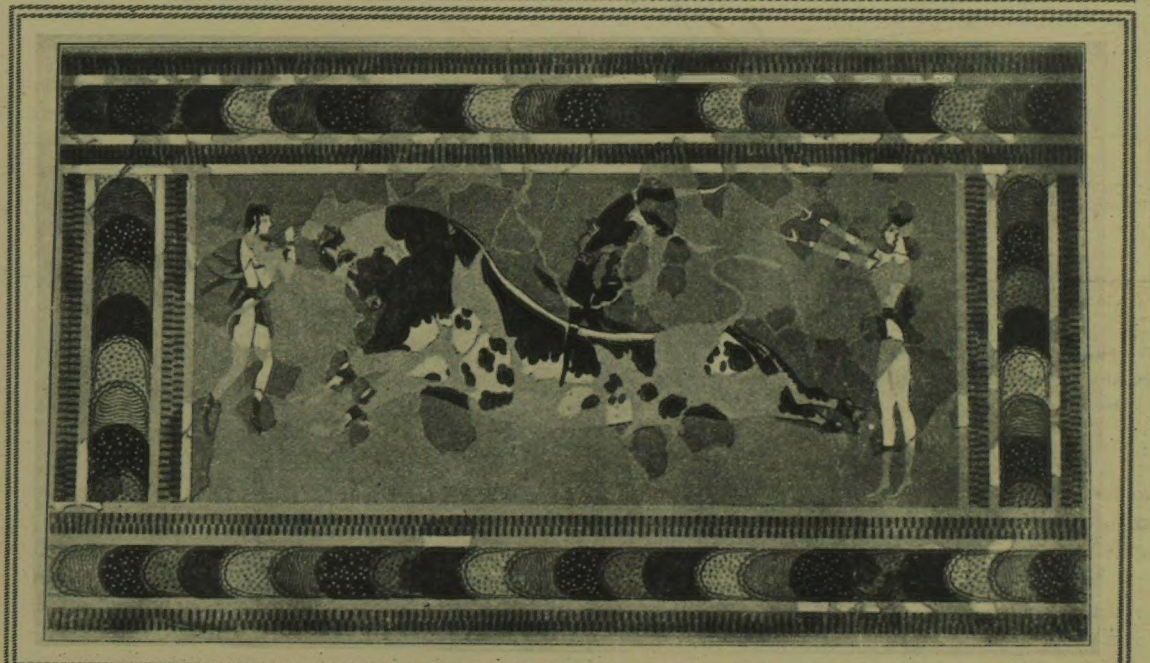
4. THE LEAPER AT THE FINISH OF THE SOMERSAULT: A REMARKABLE BRONZE FROM THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY B.C. (SEE DIAGRAM OPPOSITE).



5. A SINEWY COWBOY LEG-ROPING AN OX: AN EPISODE ON ONE OF THE FAMOUS GOLD CUPS OF VAPHIO, IN LACONIA.



6. IMPALED BY A GALLOPING BULL: A FIGURE ON A STONE FUNNEL, "THE BOXER VASE" OF HAGIA TRIADA.



7. A MINOAN COWBOY BACK-SOMERSAULTING OVER A GALLOPING STEER: WHITE-SKINNED COWGIRLS IN ATTENDANCE—ONE ABOUT TO LEAP, THE OTHER WAITING TO CATCH THE LEAPER AS HE ALIGHTS.

In view of the Rodeo contests held at Wembley, and especially the steer-wrestling, or bull-dogging, the illustrations here given are of exceptional interest at the moment, for they bear out the old adage that there is nothing new under the sun. Over 4000 years ago prehistoric players in Crete sported with wild bulls, and were sometimes made sport of, in the worship of and sacrifice to the Nature goddess of the Mycenaean and Minoan Ages. In an article facing this page, Mr. Forsdyke, the Assistant-Keeper of Greek and Roman Antiquities at the British Museum, describes how from the records that have come down to us, and have recently been unearthed by Sir Arthur Evans, we can picture the Cretans of the day enjoying the counterpart of the Wembley Rodeo. We can also deduce

that ancient man carried this festival with him across the seas, and that it has descended through Aztec, Mexican, and Spaniard to the Anglo-Saxon cowboy of to-day. The steer-leaping has apparently been discontinued, but the same methods would appear to have been retained in the steer-wrestling as were practised by the ancients, the gripping of the horn and the hand-hold on the muzzle. The Cretan cowboys, however, had to operate without the horse's help. The writer of the accompanying article goes on to say: "In later Greece, the Thessalians alone had country fit for horses, and they developed steer-wrestling as a mounted act. According to Pliny, the cowboys in Rome improved on the Greek idea, and broke the necks of the steers by twisting their heads at full gallop."





## THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



### THE COLORATION OF ANIMALS.

By W. P. Pyecraft, F.Z.S., Author of "The Infancy of Animals," "The Courtship of Animals," etc., etc.

I AM just now busy making a survey of all the facts and theories which have been advanced to account for the coloration of animals. To some this may seem like a waste of time. That animals are coloured seems a commonplace. Why seek to explain it? But the search for an explanation becomes imperative directly we begin to ask why are birds and beasts, butterflies and beetles, so variously, and often so gorgeously, coloured. Whence comes this coloration? Why is it so infinitely varied not only as between different "species," but as between the different sexes of the same species, the different seasons of the year, and the differences between adult and young?

That coloration, whether dull or vivid, is not essential to living bodies is shown by the fact that jelly-fish and the surface-swimming "sea-squirts" of the open oceans have translucent bodies. When we come to examine these ghostly bodies more closely, two very important features force themselves upon us. In the first place, it will be noticed that they possess but a feebly developed nervous system; and in the second that they derive considerable benefit from this absence of colour, since it must render them practically invisible to the hungry creatures by which they are surrounded.

It will next be noticed that the creatures which live on the sea-floor are all coloured, sometimes vividly so, as in the case of sea-anemones, for example. Young fishes, again, such as swim at or near the surface, are also translucent; but they quickly develop pigments in the skin.

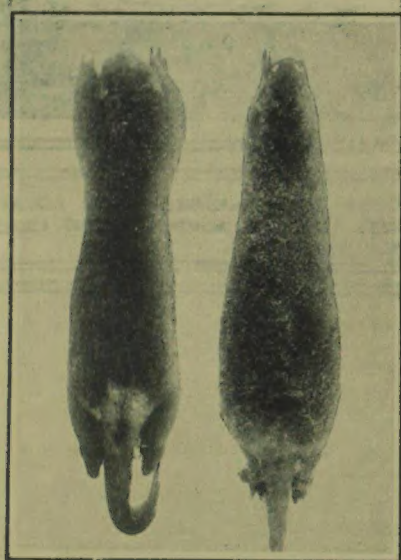


FIG. 3.—UNIFORM GREY IN COLOUR: THE CUSCUS OF WESTERN AUSTRALIA—TWO EXAMPLES.

"The Cuscuses are near relations of the Australian Opossums, and are completely arboreal in their habits. Slow and sleepy creatures, they pass the day curled up among foliage, [Continued opposite.]

Turn now to the land-dwellers. These are in the position of such as live on the sea-floor. They live, in short, at the bottom of an ocean of air, with — and this is the important point—solid objects all round them, and they become visible, so long as they are at rest, only in so far as they afford contrast with their inanimate surroundings. As soon as they move they disclose themselves, and are in immediate danger of being gobbled up. But for their translucency, and the mantle of invisibility which this confers, is impossible. For the most part such creatures possess red blood, and this cannot be concealed within a translucent body. They have also a highly developed nervous system. And it is the recognition of this fact which gives the clue we are seeking. For we find that that nervous tissue is intolerant of light, and this intolerance is met by the formation of a screen of pigment.

But whence comes the pigment? To answer this question properly it would be necessary to go deeply into the chemistry and physiology of living bodies, and this would be far too technical a subject for discussion here. Let it suffice that these pigments are derived largely from the waste-products of the blood, and are discharged into the skin or its coverings, such as fur and feathers. By this method of disposal they effect the double office of purifying the blood and screening the nervous system against the light.

Into all the different kinds of pigment, and the precise manner of their deposition, it is obviously impossible to enter in the space of a short essay. Suffice it to say that they are, as we know, so deposited as to form various patterns, often of great intricacy. And it will be noticed that there is commonly a manifest relationship between the pattern and the normal surroundings of the wearer. The stripes of

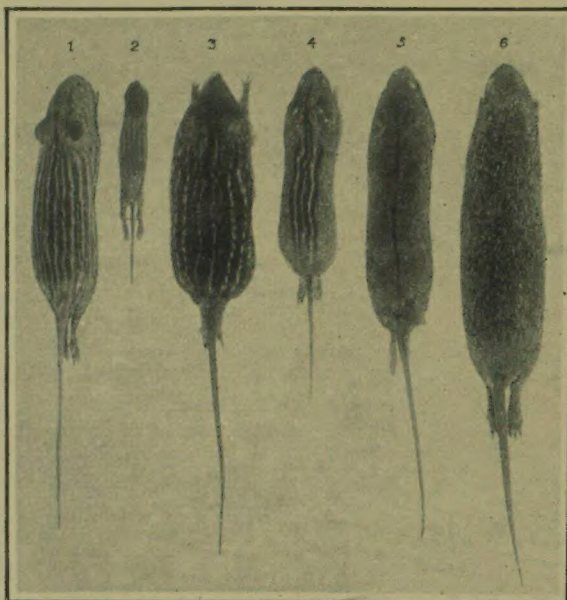


FIG. 1.—FROM STRIPED TO UNIFORM COLORATION: AFRICAN MICE (YOUNG AND ADULT) AS EXAMPLES OF VARIATION WITH GROWTH.

"In the Barbary Striped Mouse (No. 1), there is a black stripe running down the middle of the back, and on each side alternating stripes of black and pale buff. In the Masai Striped Mouse (No. 3, in order, from left to right), the median black stripe is conspicuously broad, and bounded by a narrow stripe of pale buff. Then follow very broad dark bands and narrow stripes of pale buff. But the dark bands show traces of pale stripes which have been suppressed. In the young Masai Mouse (No. 2), the stripes are numerous and continuous, indicating that the degeneration of the stripes is comparatively recent. In the Transvaal Striped Mouse (No. 4), the middle stripe is pale buff, instead of black, and the number of stripes less. In the East African Striped Mouse (No. 5), the body has become practically uniform in coloration. In the final stage (No. 6) an absolutely uniform coloration occurs."—[Photographs by E. J. Manly.]

the zebra and the tiger, the spots of the leopard and the deer, afford instances of this relationship. In the long grass of the jungle the tiger crouches unseen, ready to spring upon his oncoming and unsuspecting victim. In the forest-glades, dappled with sunlight, the deer chews the cud of contentment, concealed from the eyes of his enemies.

But this coloration need not always take the form of a coat of many colours, or even of a vestment with a pattern. Usually, however, this much may be said of it—that it is darker above than below, and the value of this "counter-shading" is capable of demonstration by experiment.

If two models, say, of ducks be made and covered in grey flannel, mounted upon a transverse rod, and placed in a box lined with the same material, and

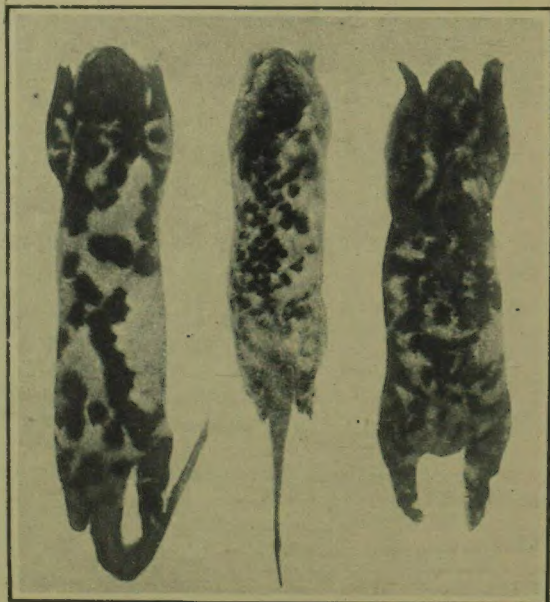


FIG. 2.—A RELATIVE OF THE OPOSSUM VERY VARIABLE IN COLORATION: THE SPOTTED CUSCUS (ABOUT 2 FT. LONG)—THREE DIFFERENT SPECIMENS.

"The Spotted Cuscus is remarkable for its exceedingly wide range of coloration. The typical form presents a richly marbled appearance, caused by an admixture of mahogany-red, black, buff, and white; others are wholly white; some present unbroken masses of uniform colours. But, save in the island of Waigou, the females are nearly always of a more or less uniform grey."

lighted from the top and one side, this matter of "counter-shading" may be put to the test. And this by stippling the back and whitening the under surface of one model with paint. Infinite patience will be required for this painting, because the work will not be complete till the shading of the top-lighted back and of the shadowed under-parts are cancelled out. When this is done the model will seem to vanish absolutely at a distance of a few feet, while the unpainted model will be as conspicuous as ever.

Many creatures, birds, mammals, reptiles, and so on, have this patternless or slightly freckled coloration. But in most the body displays a pattern of some kind, and the effect of this is to form a "secant" coloration. That is to say, one which breaks up the apparently solid appearance of the body. During the war, it will be remembered, our ships were thus coloured, or "camouflaged." Guns, "dumps," and buildings of all kinds were similarly masked. Whereby they afforded a very positive demonstration of the reasonableness of the interpretation which men of science have placed upon the significance of the coloration of animals.

All coloration, however, is not of this "protective" character. Some creatures seem to live under conditions which do not require "camouflage." Some are aggressively conspicuous in their coloration. But this, too, is of life-saving value, serving, as it does, to warn the would-be aggressor that he will attack at his peril. Some don a resplendent livery for the period of courtship.

It would be spoiling a good story to attempt to refer to these at greater length in the space now left me. They shall have their turn.

Young animals present some peculiarly interesting features, and these centre in the fact that they are so commonly longitudinally striped, though the adults may have a totally different coloration. Often the adult livery is also striped. And

large groups of species, or "genera," are to be found wherein a gradual evolution from striped to spotted, and from spotted to a uniform coloration may be seen, as in the case of some of the African mice, shown in the accompanying photograph (Fig. 1). When we come to know more of these animals in their natural haunts we may discover the meaning of these changes.

Constancy of coloration is the characteristic of species. Among thousands of individuals, of any given species, you will find little or no differences, save such as are due to age, sex, or season. But there are a few puzzling exceptions to this rule. We can take but one—the Austro-Malayan Spotted Cuscus (Fig. 2), a creature rather more than two feet long, allied to the Australian "opossums." They show a most extraordinary range of variation (Figs. 2, 3, and 4). Some are white blotched with black, and having the head and neck bright rufous; some are all white; the northern Australian representatives are of a uniform dark grey. But this applies to the males alone, the females, which are larger, being generally dark grey. But in the island of Waigou we get what may be called the typical spotted form; and here almost alone we get females wearing the same livery as the male. What is the significance of this unstable condition of affairs? Living in tropical bush, in the neighbourhood of creeks and swamps, its precise coloration may be a matter of no great importance. But this is a subject for investigation by some naturalist who will spend a month or two amid such creeks "takin' notes."

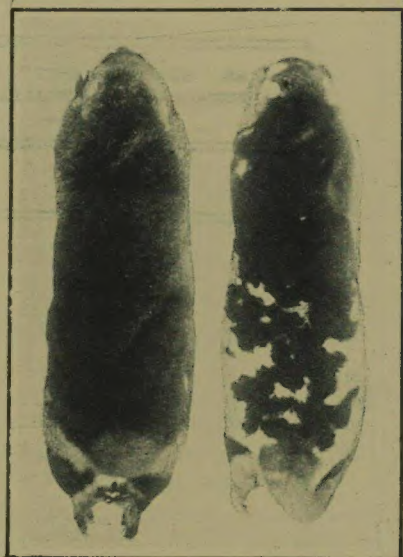


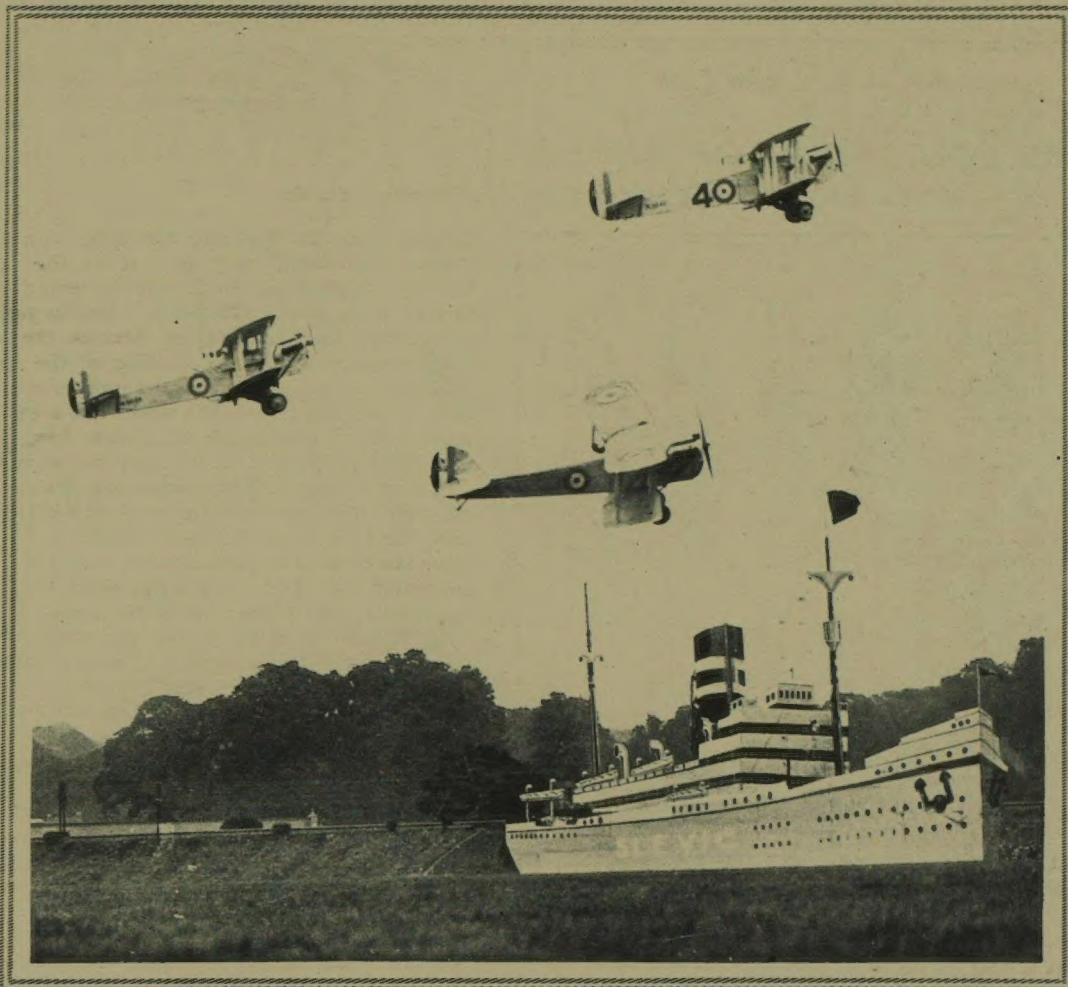
FIG. 4.—ANOTHER VARIETY IN THE COLORATION OF THE CUSCUS: TWO SPECIMENS (MALE AND FEMALE) FROM NEW GUINEA.

[Continued.]

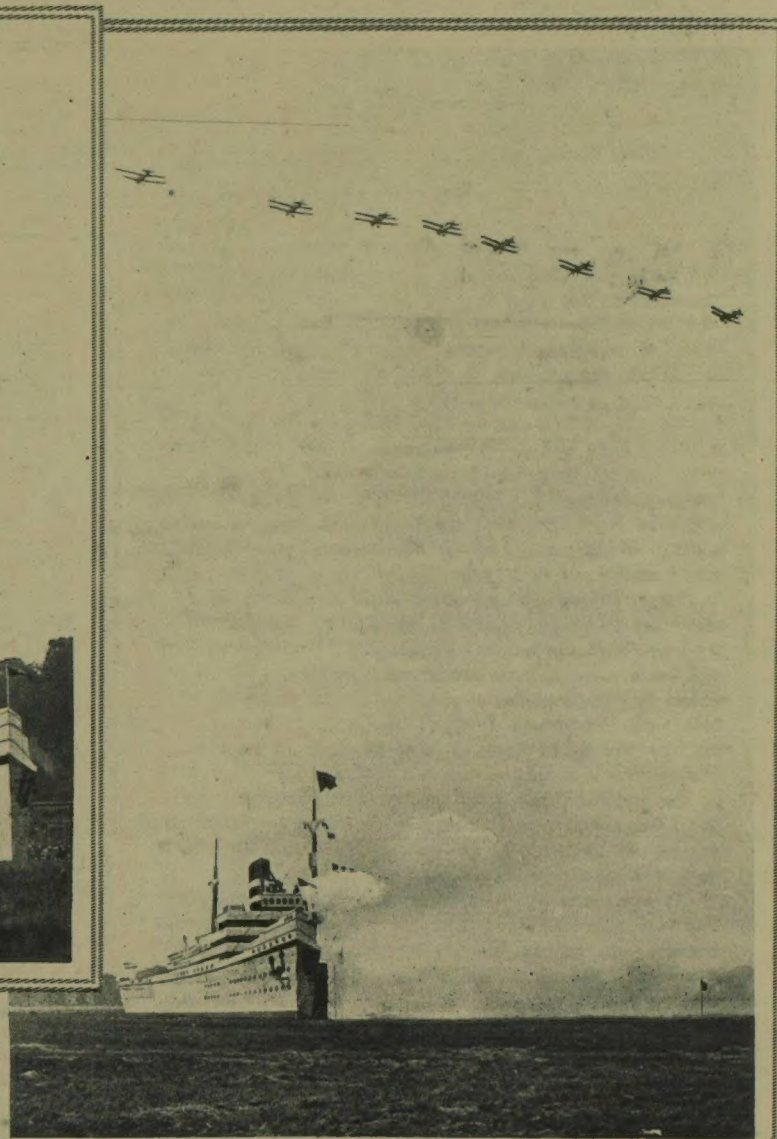


# AIRCRAFT TORPEDOING A CRUISER—AT HENDON: THE R.A.F. PAGEANT.

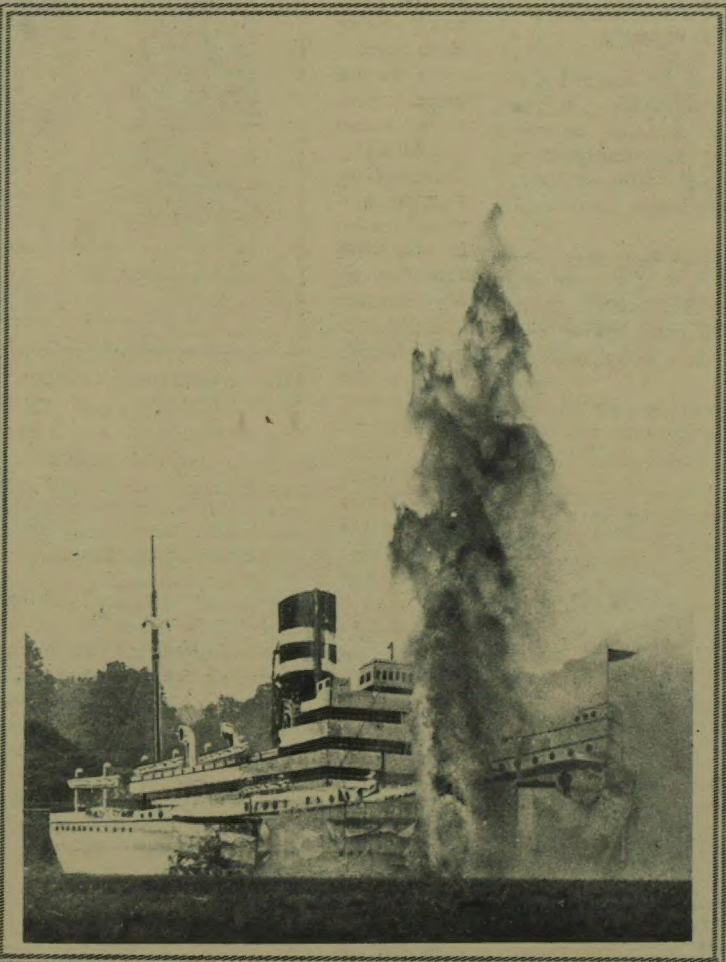
PHOTOGRAPHS BY C.N.



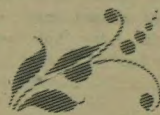
AN "ARMED CRUISER" BLOWN UP BY "TORPEDOES" DROPPED FROM BLACKBURN DART AEROPLANES: THE ATTACKING AIRCRAFT "ZOOMING" OVER THE COMMERCE-RAIDER.



WHILE THE CRUISER WAS FIRING HER ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUNS AGAINST ATTACKING NAVAL AEROPLANES: "D.H.9A" BOMBERS FLYING ABOVE THE "SLEVIC."



AFTER A DART TORPEDO-CARRYING MACHINE HAD DROPPED ITS WEAPON: A "TORPEDO" BURSTING AGAINST THE ENEMY RAIDER AND FLINGING A COLUMN OF WATER INTO THE AIR.



AFTER THREE "TORPEDOES" DROPPED BY BLACKBURN DARTS HAD DASHED THROUGH THE "WATER" AND HIT HER: THE ENEMY MERCHANT-CRUISER "SLEVIC" BLOWING UP.

The Royal Air Force Aerial Pageant, held at Hendon on June 28, met with great and well-deserved success. From the popular point of view, the chief features were the message picking-up and delivering competition for Bristol Fighters; the flying display by the visiting French escadrille; the remarkable wing-drill by two squadrons of D.H.9A's; flight "aerobatics" by Snipes; a low-flying attack on a derelict tank; and, especially, the display by Coastal Area R.A.F., which took

the form of an attack on an armed merchant-cruiser which had held up a tramp steamer. A wireless report from a Sea-gull Amphibian brought a flight of Flycatcher Single-Seater Fighters to the rescue, and these, swooping low, attacked the enemy with machine-gun fire. Blackburn Dart torpedo-carrying machines then appeared and dropped their torpedoes into the "sea." Three torpedoes hit, and the cruiser was blown up—to the satisfaction of all concerned!



# A NEW PREHISTORIC RACE IN EGYPT AND OTHER BRITISH SCHOOL DISCOVERIES ON VIEW IN LONDON.

By Sir W. M. FLINDERS PETRIE, Litt.D., F.R.S., etc., Professor of Egyptology at University College, London.

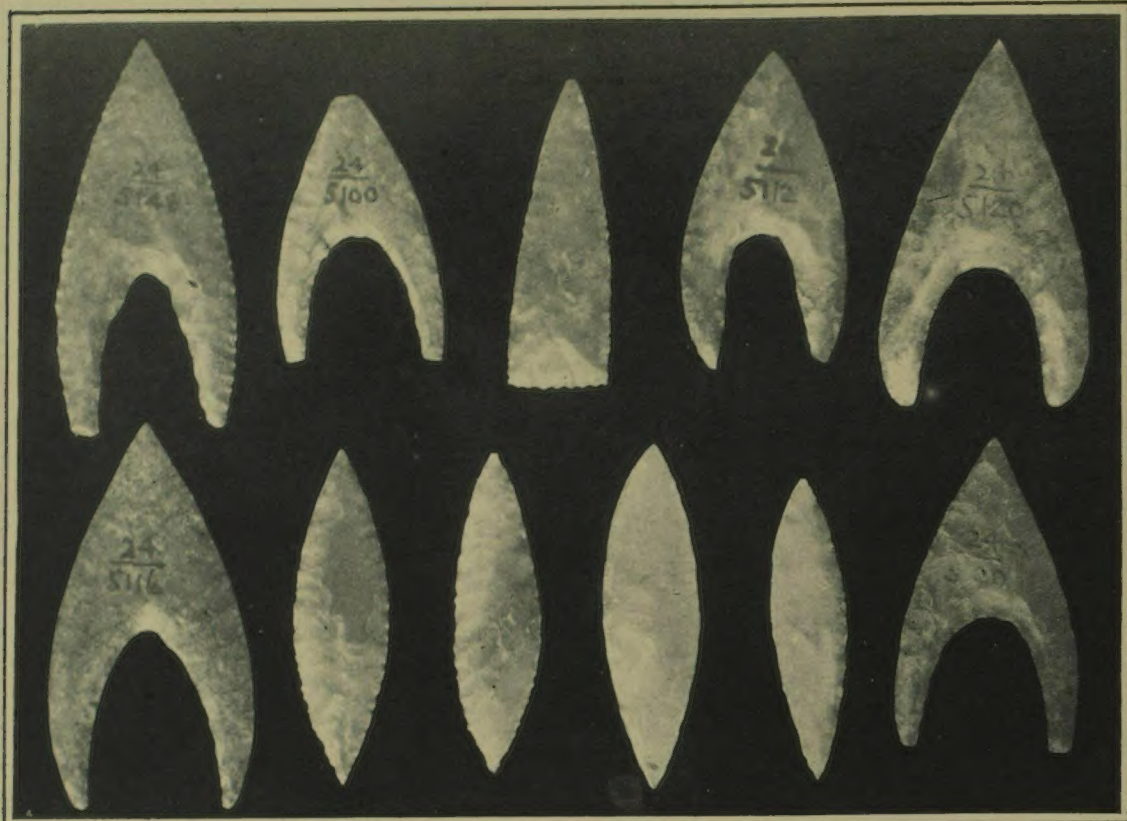


FIG. 2.—FASHIONED BY A HITHERTO UNKNOWN PREHISTORIC RACE IN EGYPT: FLINT ARROW-HEADS WITH "RIPPLED" SURFACE AND SOME WITH LONG WING-BARBS.

THE British School in Egypt, working near Assiut, has made two important discoveries this year in the dark ages of history. Far back in the prehistoric civilisation a new people have come to light, who differed in all their productions from the well-known prehistoric Egyptians. Fortunately, they have left us a portrait in ivory of a lady (Fig. 6), who, though scarcely prepossessing, at least shows that there was nothing negroid about the race. They have also left much hand-made pottery, of fine polished ware, remarkably thin and hard, much better than any pottery of later date made in Egypt. They were also experts in flint-working. These flint arrow-heads (Fig. 2) with long wing barbs tell the tale, which is borne out by all the other forms of the flints, that these were the people who littered the desert from the Fayum across to Palestine with their chipped implements. The forms of these link them closely with the earliest people of Susa, in Persia, and with the Solutrean folk of Central Europe and France. They made beads of glazed stone, also of garnet and sard. They worked slate palettes of peculiar form, and have left us, an oval ivory vase differing from any yet known. Yet from a stratified settlement there can be no doubt that they were before most, and probably before all, of the prehistoric civilisation so far discovered. As the Egyptian work is known continuously as far back as about 8000 B.C., and the Solutrean folk are dated by European students to about 11,000 to 9000 B.C., there is nothing out of the way in a branch of such people having come somewhat before the regular Egyptian series.

Much older than any civilisation are the remains of the people who lived, with animals now extinct, along the foot of the eastern mountains near the Red Sea. The bones found last year have been increased by finding more pieces of skulls, also parts of jaws and other human bones, which had been rolled down and deposited in gravels long before the country had reached its present condition.

The other important step in history has been the linking of the grand kings of the Twelfth Dynasty

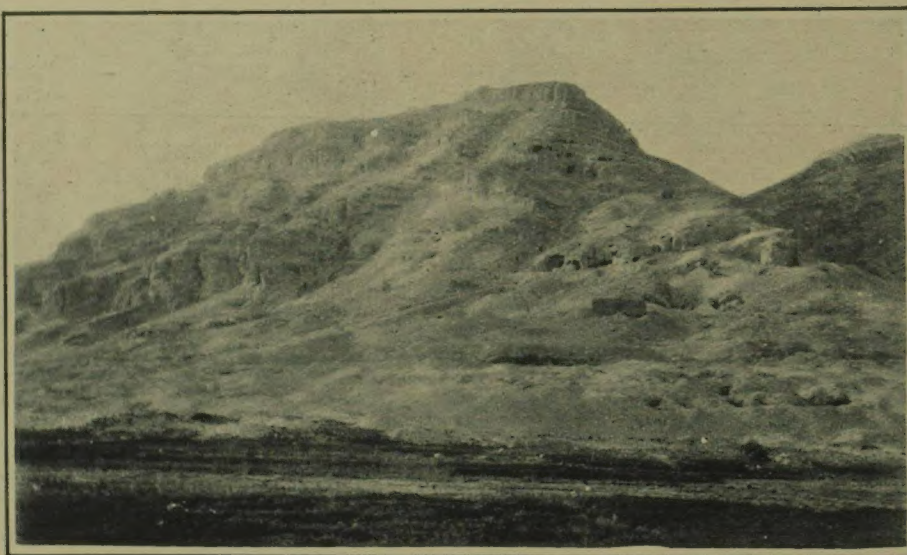


FIG. 1.—PIERCED WITH TOMBS OF EARLY EGYPTIAN PRINCES: THE HILL OF QAU, SHOWING THE EXPEDITION'S CAMP, AND A CAUSEWAY TO THE TOMBS.

to the princes of Upper Egypt in the Ninth Dynasty, and these again to an Abyssinian immigration rather earlier. The hill of Qau (Fig. 1) was pierced with the tombs of these princes, the largest of which (Fig. 5) had a forecourt with colonnade around it, stairs to an upper portico, and a hall of pillars, which led to the rock hall over fifty feet long and thirty wide, covered with paintings. These rock-tombs are exactly of the form of the Nubian temples, and differ from anything else in Egypt.

The hills have been greatly quarried away, as in Fig. 8, with a quarry at the head of a chasm, and tunnel quarries in the opposite side of a valley. The interior of a quarry (Fig. 7), about twenty feet high inside, shows what great quantities of building stone were extracted, and this quarrying continued for thousands of years till the Roman occupation. The love of rock-cutting extended to the Christian anchorites, who pierced little chambers high up in the cliff faces. These are at about eighty feet over the nearest ledge of rock, or a hundred and fifty over the plain. How the workers reached such a position we cannot understand; certainly they could not have been slung down, as the rock overhangs. Once settled in this position, they depended on a rope and basket for their means of life, and on the un-failing piety of the faithful to bring the supplies to the foot of the cliff.

Some interesting things were found of well-known periods. The flint hoes (Fig. 3) are the largest known; they preceded metal hoes, in the beginning of the dynasties. Many dozens of alabaster vases and bead necklaces were found of the pyramid period. Rather later there are the copper daggers and battle-axe (Fig. 4) which belong to the age of the great rock-tombs. The paintings in the main tomb were completely copied, and will be shown with the antiquities. The style is more free than usual, the animals being shown in three-quarter view, and with much detail. From the best period of faience is the blue glazed bowl (Figs. 9 and 10) with birds and fishes.

The collection will be open to the public, without ticket, from July 3 to 26, at University College, Gower Street.



FIG. 3.—THE LARGEST KNOWN OF THEIR KIND: FLINT HOES (ACTUAL SIZE), SUCH AS PRECEDED METAL IMPLEMENTS AT THE BEGINNING OF THE DYNASTIC PERIOD.

Photographs by Courtesy of Sir W. M. Flinders Petrie.



# NEW DISCOVERIES BY THE BRITISH SCHOOL IN EGYPT; AND THE SITE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY COURTESY OF SIR W. M. FLINDERS PETRIE.

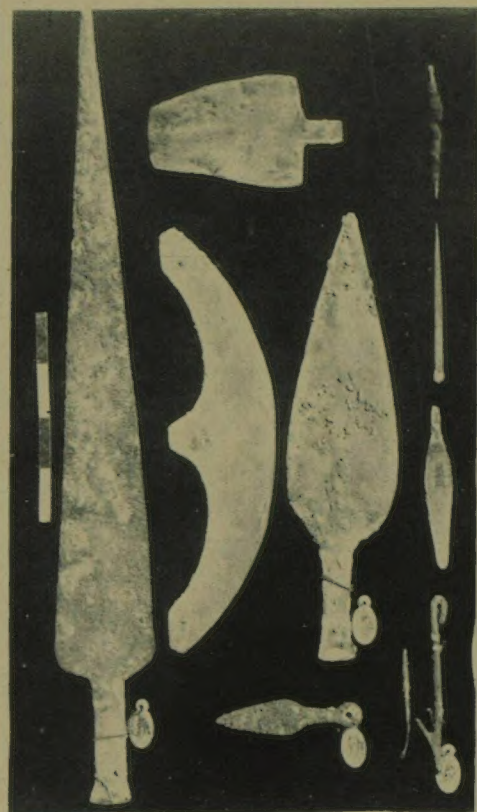


FIG. 4.—DATING FROM THE AGE OF THE GREAT ROCK-TOMBS, RATHER LATER THAN THE PYRAMID PERIOD: COPPER DAGGERS AND A BATTLE-AXE.



FIG. 5.—AKIN TO NUBIAN TEMPLES: THE LARGEST TOMB ON THE HILL OF QAU, WITH A COLONNADED FORECOURT, STAIRS, AND A GREAT ROCK HALL.



FIG. 6.—"SCARCELY PREPOSSESSING, BUT AT LEAST NOT NEGROID": AN IVORY FIGURE OF A WOMAN OF A HITHERTO UNKNOWN RACE IN EGYPT.



FIG. 7.—WHERE QUARRYING CONTINUED FOR THOUSANDS OF YEARS, UNTIL THE ROMAN OCCUPATION: THE INTERIOR OF A TUNNEL QUARRY, ABOUT 20 FT. HIGH.



FIG. 8.—WITH A QUARRY AT THE END OF A CHASM, AND TUNNEL QUARRIES ON THE OPPOSITE SIDE OF A VALLEY: HILLS NEAR ASSIUT QUARRIED FOR MANY CENTURIES.



FIG. 9.—AN EXAMPLE FROM THE BEST PERIOD OF EGYPTIAN FAÏENCE: A BLUE GLAZED BOWL, WITH AN INTERIOR DESIGN OF BIRDS AND FISHES.



FIG. 10.—THE EXTERIOR OF THE SAME BOWL: ONE OF THE MANY NEW DISCOVERIES BY THE BRITISH SCHOOL IN EGYPT TO BE SEEN AT UNIVERSITY COLLEGE.

Londoners interested in Egyptology have now an opportunity of seeing the latest results of excavations made by the British School in Egypt, at Qau, the old capital of the Ninth Dynasty, thirty miles south of Assiut. The objects discovered, ranging from prehistoric remains of a newly discovered race to the pottery and metal work of later periods, have been placed on view at University College, Gower Street, in an exhibition open to the public (without ticket) from July 3 to 26. On the opposite page we give a descriptive article on the subject by Sir W. M. Flinders Petrie, the famous Egyptologist, who has held the Chair

of Egyptology at University College for thirty-two years. The figure numbers of our illustrations correspond to references in his article. Describing the work at Qau, he wrote recently: "A few miles to the north a prehistoric settlement in stratified layers was carefully dissected for the first time. Further on, more of the rippled prehistoric ware was discovered, belonging to a people hitherto unknown; with this was an ivory female figure (Fig. 6, above) unlike any yet found. . . . On other sites were many fine flint arrow-heads." Some of these are shown on the opposite page, in Fig. 2.



## Murder in Six Forms—and the Freudians: Two Books.

"MURDER AND ITS MOTIVES"; AND "THE SOUL OF A CRIMINAL."\*

FOR the purposes of her engrossing book on "the most strange of all the phenomena of social life," Miss Fryn Tennyson Jesse divides murder into six chief categories: Murder for Gain, Murder from Revenge, Murder for Elimination, Murder from Jealousy, Murder from Lust of Killing, and Murder from Conviction.

In each class she takes one case as typical.

Gain: William Palmer, the good, sober, horse-racing, Bible-annotating, gambling surgeon who "kept his carriage" at Rugeley and, after unpleasant connection with a series of mysterious deaths, was hanged for poisoning his friend, John Parsons Cook.

Revenge: Constance Kent, of Road, in Somerset, who at the age of sixteen, resenting "disparagement" of her father's first family, of which she was one, slashed a little step-brother until he died, confessed five years later to the Rev. A. D. Wagner, who was the Perpetual Curate of St. Paul's, Brighton, and was sent to penal servitude for life.

Elimination: Aimé de Quérangal, of Brittany, accused, in conjunction with Jeanne Simon, of getting rid of that peasant woman's husband, and found guilty with extenuating circumstances, while Jeanne was found Not Guilty; and, at the same time, Aimé's sister, Aimée, charged with the shooting of her husband and adjudged Not Guilty.

Jealousy: Mrs. Pearcey, who was executed for the murder of Mrs. Phoebe Hogg, wife of her "intimate" friend, and was "a panther in the jungle of the shady underworld in which she lived" who "made her kill with the relentless ferocity and the insane butchery of the panther striking down its victim."

Lust of Killing: Thomas Neill Cream, "the abnormal doctor with his bald head, his gold watch-chain, his shining silk hat, his crossed eyes behind their gleaming spectacles, and his mellifluous and innocent name," sadistic poisoner of unfortunates, and writer of fantastic, blackmailing, accusatory letters which brought him to the scaffold when he sought but to satisfy his craving for power and for causing talk.

And, finally, Conviction: Felice Orsini, fanatically desirous of a United Italy, who inspired the throwing of that bomb which burst under the iron-plated carriage of the Emperor Napoleon III. and the Empress Eugénie, killing eight, and wounding some hundred and fifty others; was tried, curiously enough, only for attempting to assassinate the Emperor; and was guillotined as a parricide—with a black veil over the face, a long white sheet over the clothes, and with naked feet—"on the principle that the Emperor was the father of his people."

Sub-divisions are many: but those are the main six.

In every instance—save, perhaps, one—it is of importance to note the apparent influence of heredity and environment.

Palmer had what the French call a grievous heredity. His mother, when a girl, carried on a double intrigue with a man called Hodson, steward to the then Marquis of Anglesey, and a sawyer of the name of Palmer. She married Palmer, but the possibilities of profit in a connection between a land-steward and a sawyer are obvious, and while she kept Hodson in play, her husband marked the Marquis of Anglesey's timber twice over—1, 1, 2, 2, and 3, 3, instead of 1, 2, and 3—thereby getting exactly double the allowance that he paid for. Hodson required payment both in money and kindness for his complacency. Palmer died comparatively rich, and his widow consoled herself with various liaisons.

Constance Kent's mother showed signs of insanity after the birth of her third child, but bore six more—including Constance—before her mania became so acute and violent that she had to be kept under restraint; and Constance herself was certainly abnormal, although she seems not to have been a *poseuse*, "as the congenital female criminal invariably is."

The de Quérangals' grandfather "had had for his mistress the wife of the public executioner," and their mother was a thief and a village Messalina.

Mrs. Pearcey lived meanly, a wife in name, but not in fact, "the sordid Venus of a back street in Kentish Town," who "had not done badly" for her twenty-four years, and was in receipt of a small but regular income—and of the gentleman who paid it—upon one day per week, at the same time that Frank Hogg was her *amant de cœur*.

Neill Cream, seemingly, was something of an exception, for, although he was what is called a born criminal, there is nothing to associate his forebears with the taint, and he began his working career well enough in America.

Orsini, of course, was different. He was essentially the political murderer, the warped patriot; but in

ease aid the reconstruction of the alleged crime. Of Mrs. Pearcey, wheeling through the streets the body of her victim and that victim's eighteen-months-old child, "toiling along behind the laden perambulator, bent over the white china handle-bar which was found stained and broken; so intent, she recognised nobody whom she met. Going on; always on; till she found a place where she could tip her burden unobserved." And, later, whistling, playing the piano while the police were searching her blood-bespattered kitchen, and explaining that she had been "killing mice, killing mice, killing mice!" Of Neill Cream so full of conceit, so desirous to know that he was notorious, that he must talk of his crimes and write of them; Neill Cream, insensate egoist who is chiefly remarkable in the annals of criminology "for the fact that killers suffering from the power mania have generally been women, unless, indeed, killing on the Napoleonic scale is considered to be an extreme example of the same instinct."

At the very least, they must find them puzzling. Even the most convinced Freudians—and the individual Freudian does not always agree with his fellows as to the best authority on the intricacies of his creed—might find himself re-pondering his master's dicta, however well he weighed the Unconscious—"the home of countless unknown and relatively uncontrollable propensities and urges which are available for scrutiny only when they are disclosed by dreams, in trances, in certain forms of insanity, and by the process which we term psycho-analysis"—against the Conscious—"your Focus of Consciousness, your Fringe of Consciousness, and your Foreconscious": however well he understood the Ego; the Psychic Big Three—Fighting, Feeding, Sex; complexes; the Pleasure Principle and the Reality Principle, ever in collision; psychic heredity; dream-symbols and their meanings; and so forth. But he will recall that hallucinations can lead to murder; that sadism in its crudest forms "displays itself by lust-murder"; that "practically every murder committed by a woman has been the outcome of some sexual consideration"; that, as Mr. Goodwin puts it, "the majority of murders are committed either on the spur of the moment by quite ordinary folk momentarily pricked into a fury, or by people who have struggled in vain against the leverage of some all-absorbing passion. A murderer is not a man who prowls about the streets seeking whom he can murder, like a fox frequenting the vicinity of a chicken-run. That mildewed idea perished when that 'criminal type' fallacy was blasted sky-high by Dr. Charles Goring and others."

And he can always quote: "The Freudian position in regard to free will is, briefly, this—When you think you are consciously and deliberately choosing between two alternative lines of action such choice is, in point of fact, the outcome of the leverage exerted upon your Conscious by your inherited propensities, the stored-up impressions of past experiences, your habits, your preconceived opinions, your environment at the moment, and the thousand-and-one other regulating factors which direct your choice."

"Murder and Its Motives" and "The Soul of a Criminal" may very well be read—should be read—one after the other. Each in its own way is excellent. Miss Tennyson Jesse, as befits a distinguished novelist and dramatist, tells her grim stories brilliantly, with a certain marshalling of detail, a sure touch for the grim and the bizarre, and critical keenness of comment. Mr. Goodwin, who completes a trilogy begun with "Sidelights on Criminal Matters," and continued with "Insanity and the Criminal," writes as a skilled criminologist and a firm follower of Freud. He is serious and sincere—and always arresting; and in this connection it is to be hoped that none, including the student, will be "put off" by a "jacket" description which reads: "'Good' stories and a vivacious style invest this authoritative book with an added interest for the general reader."—E. H. G.



AUTHOR OF "MURDER AND ITS MOTIVES": MISS F. TENNYSON JESSE. Miss Fryn Tennyson Jesse (Mrs. H. M. Harwood), whose remarkable new work, "Murder and Its Motives," is dealt with on this page, is both novelist and playwright. Amongst the best-known of her books are "Secret Bread," "The Milky Way," "The White Riband," "Beggars on Horseback," and "The Happy Bride." She collaborated with Captain Harwood, author of "A Grain of Mustard Seed," in the play "Billeted," and in the adaptation of "The Hotel Mouse," from the French. It was announced at the end of 1921 that she had married Captain Harwood two years before.—[Photograph by Bertram Park.]

his case environment meant everything. His father was a fire-eater who took part in the first French Revolution, became a conspirator who "fought in the complicated brawls that were rending Italy, and eventually died upon the battlefield with the name of Napoleon the Great upon his lips. . . . All Felice's impressionable years of childhood and young manhood had been passed in the atmosphere of anarchy."

An amazing company and "horrible examples" for the believers in psycho-analysis, whose creed is expounded in "The Soul of a Criminal." What do they make of them? Of the callous, crass stupidity of Palmer, who bungled everything and especially his attempt to upset the jar containing the organs that were to be taken to London for medical examination. Of Constance Kent, killing cunningly and confessing after religion had so worked upon her mind that "she came to believe the world well lost, if she could yet by any means save her soul." Of the de Quérangals—Aimée, confronted with the exhumed head of the husband she was said to have shot, placing her lace and muslin coil upon the ghastly relic, using it as a milliner's dummy that she might with the greater

\* "Murder and Its Motives." By F. Tennyson Jesse. (William Heinemann, Ltd.; 8s. 6d. net.)—"The Soul of a Criminal." By John C. Goodwin. (Hutchinson and Co.; 18s. net.)



**"THE PRINCE OF JERUSALEM AND LION OF JUDAH" VISITS THE POPE.**

FROM THE DRAWING BY E. ABBO.



**OUR ROYAL GUEST FROM ABYSSINIA DURING HIS RECENT VISIT TO ROME: RAS TAFARI, OFFERING A CASKET, RENDERING HOMAGE TO HIS HOLINESS POPE PIUS XI. AT THE VATICAN.**

Ras Tafari, the Heir-Apparent and Regent of Abyssinia, is due to arrive on his first visit to England on July 7, and to remain till the 13th as guest of the British Government. The previous part of his European tour, outlined under the portrait of him in our issue of May 17, has already been carried out. He has visited successively Paris, Brussels and Rome, as guest of the French, Belgian and Italian Governments all of whom accorded him a great reception. While in Rome, which he left on June 23, he had audience of the Pope, as shown in the above drawing. In this country also arrangements have been made to give him a spectacular welcome. He will be received at Buckingham Palace by the

King, for whom he is bringing a gift of two lions. As his residence is in London, with his retinue of thirty Abyssinian princes, the Government has taken Mrs. Arthur Sassoon's house in Albert Gate, Knightsbridge, opposite the French Embassy. Ras Tafari traces his descent, by tradition, from King Solomon and the Queen of Sheba, and is known in consequence as "the Prince of Jerusalem and Lion of Judah." He is an enlightened ruler under whom Abyssinia, admitted last year to the League of Nations, has entered on a new era of progress, with laws for the suppression of slavery and reforms in education and the administration of justice.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

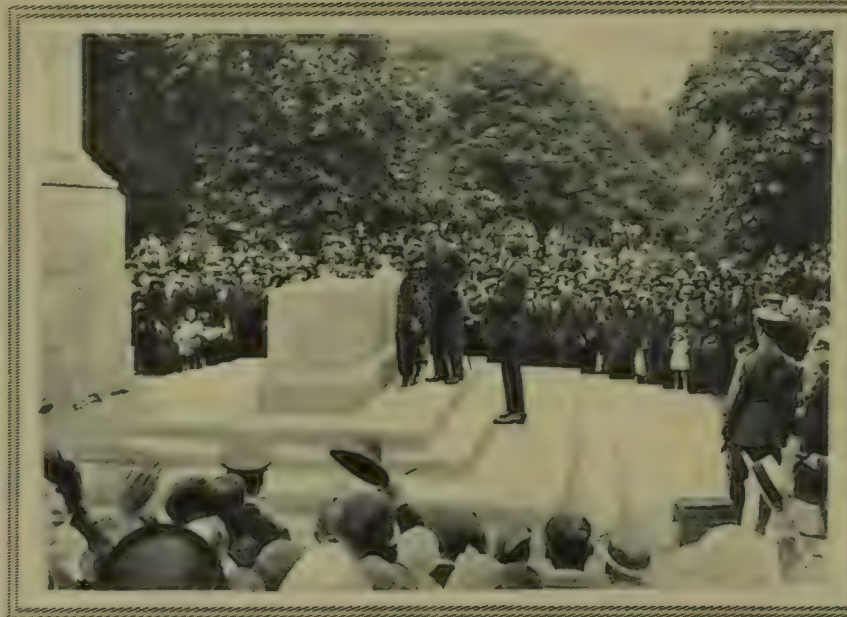


# WHEN THE PRINCE SUNK A FLOATING DOCK: H.R.H. AT SOUTHAMPTON.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY I.B., C.N., L.N.A., AND SPORT AND GENERAL.



SUNK BY THE PRINCE OF WALES, WHO OPENED THE VALVES: SOUTHAMPTON'S NEW FLOATING DOCK, CAPABLE OF TAKING SHIPS OF 60,000 TONS.



PLACING A WREATH ON THE SOUTHAMPTON CENOTAPH: THE PRINCE PAYING A TRIBUTE TO THOSE MEN OF SOUTHAMPTON WHO DIED IN THE WAR.



PARADED BEFORE THE PRINCE: THE STUDENTS' GRIM MASCOT DISPLAYED DURING H.R.H.'S VISIT TO UNIVERSITY COLLEGE.



INSPECTING THE LARGEST TWIN-ENGINE AMPHIBIAN IN THE WORLD: THE PRINCE AND THE NEW FLYING-BOAT "SWAN."



THE PRINCE OF WALES GREETS A GIRL STUDENT: THE INFORMAL HANDSHAKE THAT MEANS SO MUCH.



THE "DUCHESS OF FIFE" BREAKS THE RIBBON, TO OPEN THE SUBMERGED FLOATING DOCK: THE COMPLETION OF THE CEREMONY OF INAUGURATION.

The thirtieth birthday of the Prince of Wales brought forth tributes to his qualities as a man and as a public figure. The latter relation is manifested by the great amount of public work he gets through and from which he insists on taking no respite. An illustration is his recent visit to Southampton, on which occasion he took part in four different ceremonies. The first was the opening of Southampton's new floating dry-dock, the largest of its kind in the world, and capable of "housing" a vessel with a displacement of 60,000 tons—and no one takes greater

interest in the christening of a ship or a dock than the workers themselves, for it is in a sense the seal of approval on their labours. The Prince next visited the Supermarine Aviation Works, and inspected one of the new monster flying-boats. His next act was the placing of a wreath on the City's Cenotaph, a gracious tribute to the glorious dead. Not unmindful of the Arts as well as the Sciences, his Royal Highness finally visited the University College, where he added to his popularity by congratulating the students.



## WELCOMED BY TOWN AND GOWN: THE PRINCE IN SOUTHAMPTON.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY I.B., AND FARRINGTON PHOTO. CO



WITH THE RADIATOR OF HIS CAR BEARING THE PRINCE OF WALES'S FEATHERS: THE PRINCE DRIVING THROUGH THE STREETS OF SOUTHAMPTON.



CIRCLED BY DANCING MEN AND WOMEN STUDENTS: THE SINGING OF "HERE WE GO ROUND THE PRINCE OF WALES," AT UNIVERSITY COLLEGE.

Nothing astonishes visitors to this country so much as the affectionate attitude of the populace to our Royal Family, and the ease with which its members can be approached. The picture above illustrating the welcome to the Prince of Wales at Southampton is typical, showing the pressing crowd almost blocking the roadway, and the spontaneous smiles of welcome from all ranks of society. Despite his natural shyness, the Prince is popular in the widest sense. No one except those

around him know the strain and fatigue of public ceremonial, yet the Prince is always responsive to fun, and the photograph of the students dancing, and singing, "Here we go round the Prince of Wales," indicates that he is at least as happy when in lighter mood as when he is making speeches before great audiences. Nevertheless, he does it all with the air of one who has a sense of public duty and yet remains intensely human.



# SOCIETY WOMEN SEEN BY A GREAT PAINTER: DE LASZLO PORTRAITS.

FROM THE PICTURES BY PHILIP A. DE LASZLO, M.V.O.; EXHIBITED AT THE FRENCH GALLERY.



FORMERLY MISS MURIEL WILSON: MRS. R. E. WARDE.



FORMERLY MISS VIOLA MEEKING: LADY APSLEY.



THE ELDER DAUGHTER OF THE GRAND DUKE MICHAEL:  
LADY ANASTASIA (ZIA) WERNHER.



ELDER DAUGHTER OF MRS. ELINOR GLYN, THE NOVELIST:  
LADY DAVSON, O.B.E.

Mr. Philip A. de Laszlo is one of the most famous of modern portrait-painters, and has counted many distinguished men and women among his sitters. His latest exhibition, at the French Gallery, Pall Mall, opened last week, and contains fifty portraits and studies which illustrate the brilliance and dexterity of his work. Of the Society women here depicted, Mrs. R. E. Warde—whose portrait appears on the catalogue under her maiden name of Miss Muriel Wilson—is the youngest daughter of the late Mr. Arthur Wilson, of Tranby Croft. Her marriage took place in 1917.—Lady Apsley, who was formerly Miss Viola Meeking, is a

recent bride. Her husband, Lord Apsley, D.S.O., M.C., M.P., is the eldest son of Earl and Countess Bathurst, and she is the sister of Lady Somers.—Lady Anastasia Wernher, usually known as Lady Zia Wernher, is the elder daughter of the Grand Duke Michael and Countess Torby, and is the wife of Major Wernher, younger son of the late Sir Julius Wernher, and of Lady Ludlow.—Lady Davson is the wife of Sir Edward Davson, and the elder daughter of Mrs. Elinor Glyn, the novelist. The marriage took place in 1921, and she has a baby son, Geoffrey Lee Simon Davson, born in 1922.



## BRITAIN'S VETERAN PHILOSOPHER-STATESMAN: A DE LASZLO PORTRAIT.

FROM THE PAINTING BY PHILIP A. DE LASZLO, M.V.O., EXHIBITED LAST YEAR AT THE FRENCH GALLERY. (COPYRIGHTED.)



"THE EARL OF BALFOUR, P.C., F.R.S., O.M.," BY PHILIP A. DE LASZLO, WHOSE NEW EXHIBITION WAS RECENTLY OPENED.

Mr. Philip de Laszlo's fine portrait of the Earl of Balfour, here reproduced, is not included in his exhibition of portraits and studies recently opened at the French Gallery in Pall Mall, but was shown there in the spring of 1923. The present exhibition includes portraits of the Pope and the Queen of Roumania. The portrait of Lord Balfour is a notable example of the work of an able and popular painter, of whom it has been said that he "dramatises the vocation" of his sitters. At a moment when Lord Balfour is, comparatively speaking, outside the political arena,

the artist has appropriately emphasised the philosophic and academic side of his career. It is hardly necessary to recall that Lord Balfour has, at various times, occupied most of the high offices of State. He is Chancellor of Edinburgh University, and in 1919 held a like position at Cambridge. He has also been Lord Rector of the Universities of St. Andrews and of Glasgow, and in 1904 was President of the British Association. Among his best-known books are "The Foundations of Belief" and "Essays, Speculative and Political."



# ENGINES AND A GUN TO BE SEEN IN RELIEF: WEMBLEY ANAGLYPHS.



View of the large steam engine at Wembley, showing the massive structure and the intricate piping system.



View of the large steam engine at Wembley, showing the massive structure and the intricate piping system.



View of the large steam engine at Wembley, showing the massive structure and the intricate piping system.

The Wembley Anaglyphs are a series of four views of the large steam engine at Wembley, showing the massive structure and the intricate piping system. The views are taken from different angles, providing a comprehensive look at the engine and its components. The anaglyph format allows for a 3D effect when viewed with the appropriate glasses.



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# PRINCE, DUKE, AND DUCHESS SWITCHBACKING: A WEMBLEY THRILL.

PHOTOGRAPH BY G.P.A.



THE PRINCE OF WALES'S "FAVOURITE RIDE": HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS, WITH THE DUCHESS OF YORK AND THE DUKE OF YORK, ON THE GIANT SWITCHBACK RAILWAY AT THE BRITISH EMPIRE EXHIBITION.

The Prince of Wales welcomed the delegates to the first World Power Conference at Wembley, on the afternoon of June 30. Later, he visited the Amusements Park, and there our photograph shows him, on the Giant Switchback Railway, with the Duchess of York and the Duke of York, who can be seen in the second seat, speaking to Major Paulet. The party readily accepted the Prince's invitation to have "another go," when the first ride was over. Subsequently the Prince went by himself "over the Falls," and, though he has declared the switchback

to be his favourite ride, he said he thought the Falls thrill to be "the most exciting ride I have ever had." His Royal Highness also took two trips on the Great Safety Racer, and he tried to induce the Duke and Duchess to sample the Whip, but they accepted his assurance that it was a most interesting ride without testing it. Before leaving the Exhibition offices, the Prince accepted the five millionth Exhibition stamp which had just been issued by the postmaster, Mr. Wood, who presented it as a souvenir.



# THE LAST EIGHT: "HALL-MARKED" LADIES' SINGLES PLAYERS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY I.B., L.N.A., AITKEN, S. AND G., AND C.N.



MRS. SHEPHERD-BARRON (GREAT BRITAIN).



Mlle. SUZANNE LENGLEN (FRANCE).



MRS. J. B. JESSUP (AMERICA).



MRS. COLEGATE (GREAT BRITAIN).



AFTER THEIR GREAT MATCH: Mlle. SUZANNE LENGLEN (FRANCE) AND MISS RYAN (CALIFORNIA) SHAKE HANDS.



MRS. SATTERTHWAITE (GREAT BRITAIN).



MISS K. MCKANE (GREAT BRITAIN).



MISS HELEN WILLS (AMERICA).

As we note on another page, on which we give portraits of the last eight in the Men's Singles Championships at Wimbledon, to be in that eight means to be hall-marked amongst lawn-tennis players. Obviously, this applies equally to the last eight in the Ladies' Singles Championship; that is to say, to those whose portraits are given here. The match between Mlle. Suzanne Lenglen and Miss Ryan, who was regarded as the French player's most serious opponent,

aroused extreme interest and was, indeed, a remarkable fight, for in it Mlle. Lenglen lost her first set in Europe for five years, after having won forty games in succession since the beginning of the meeting. At one time it seemed quite possible that she would lose her match, and some spectators have expressed considerable surprise that she was not beaten. After the game, Mlle. Lenglen not only shook hands with Miss Ryan, but kissed her.



## QUICK TO "EAT GRAVEL": AMATEUR BRONK-"RIDERS" AT THE RODEO.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY G.P.U.



UNSEATED SPEEDILY, AS WERE MOST OF THE OTHER AMATEUR RIDERS: MR. D. G. WOLLETT, OF WESTBOURNE.



THROWN WHILE SEEKING TO EMULATE THE COWBOYS' SKILL: MR. E. J. CORBETT, OF SLOUGH.

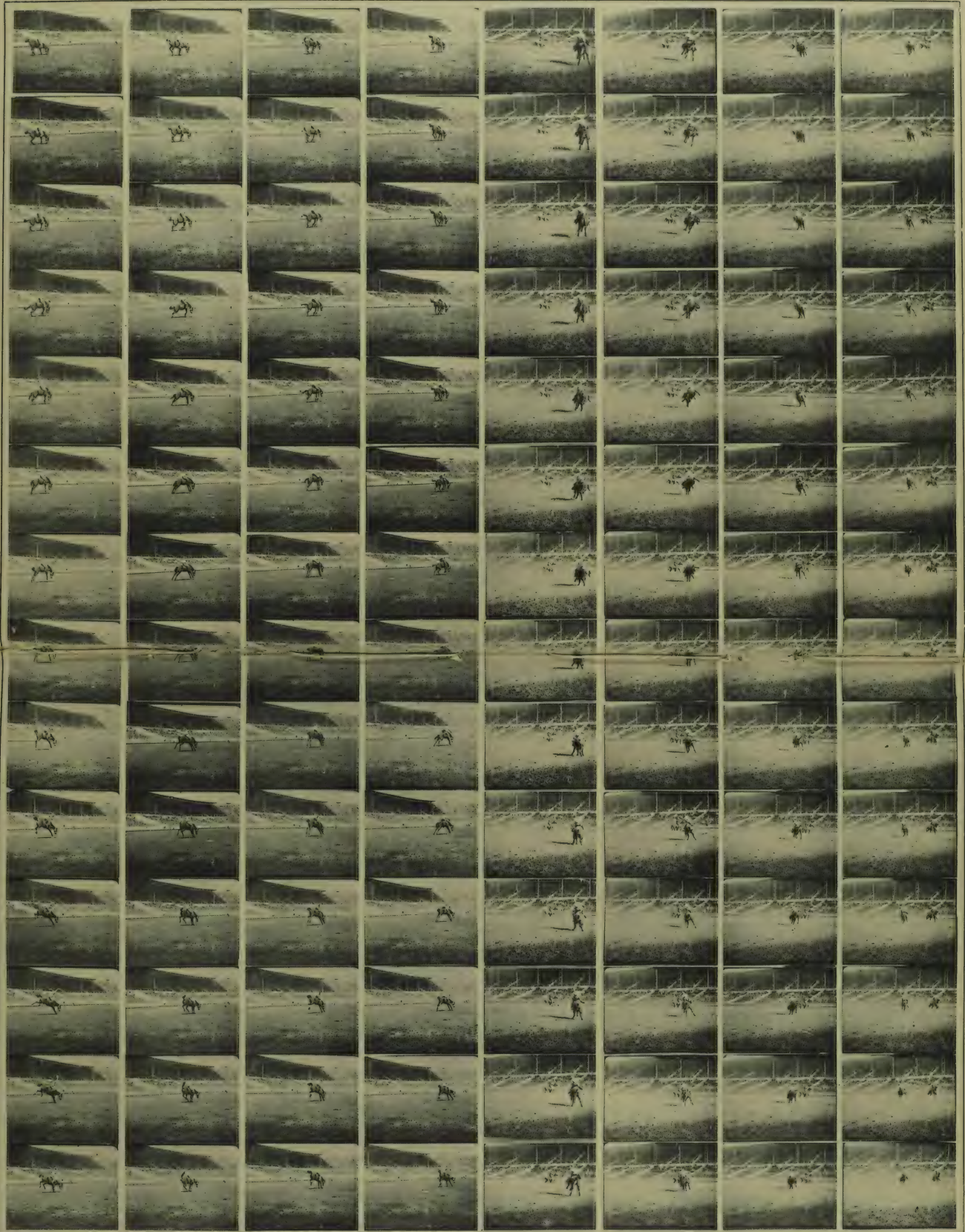
Few of the amateurs who tried to ride the bucking horses at the Wembley Rodeo were able to stay on their mounts for more than a few seconds. Probably no one but the cowboys can ride them; that is, no one who is not used to riding such rough animals without the cowboys' particular equipment and methods. It has been remarked that the cowboys ride with a "straight leg"—in other words, with long stirrups—and that, unlike the riders of other countries, who grip with

their knees, the cowboys manifest their skill in balancing in their stirrups. It is feasible to suppose that this is the only way to beat the bronks. This is not to rob the cowboys and cowgirls of any praise for their skill, but may explain amateur non-success. The other day, Mr. Tex Austin, dining two amateurs who had ridden wild horses at the Rodeo, expressed the opinion: "There are just two things that don't exist—the horse that can't be rode and the man that can't be thrown."



# HOW BRONK AND STEER MAKE RIDERS "EAT GRAVEL": BUCKING ANALYSED.

FILMS OF THE RODEO BY SLOW-MOTION CINEMATOGRAPH CAMERA: REPRODUCED BY COURTESY OF PATHÉ FRÈRES CINEMA, LTD.



## SEEKING TO OUTGUESS THE HORSE AND OUTWIT THE STEER: BRONK-RIDING AND STEER-RIDING AT THE WEMBLEY RODEO.

No events at the Wembley Rodeo have aroused more interest than the Bronk-riding and the Steer-riding, and it is particularly interesting, therefore, to see these film records, made by the slow-motion cinematograph camera, which analyse the efforts of bronk and steer to make their riders fall—to use the descriptive Americanism, eat gravel! Of bronk-riding, it is written officially: "Winning a Bronk-Riding Contest means more than clinging to the saddle of a bucking horse. It means giving the bronk every advantage and still riding him skilfully. . .

Strict rules govern the rider. He must not cheat the bronk. . . The rider must outguess the horse, and must anticipate the animal's every jump, and must balance himself accordingly." As to steer-riding, it is written of this: "Riding a wild steer is a dangerous sport. . . A steer's body offers a poor seat for a rider; the irregularities of contour give little help to the rider, who must maintain his precarious hold with one hand grasping the surcingle while he waves the other hand."



## THE CAMERA AS RECORDER: PERSONALITIES; SPORT; A COLLISION; AND "PETER PAN."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ELLIOTT AND FRY, VANDYK, S. AND G., ROUGH, KEYSTONE, ALFIERI, AND "TIMES."



THE RETIRING DIRECTOR OF THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM: SIR CECIL HARCOURT SMITH.



A FREE CHURCHMAN OF MUCH INFLUENCE: THE LATE REV. H. ARNOLD THOMAS, A GREAT BRISTOL PERSONALITY.



THE NEW GOVERNOR OF TRINIDAD AND TOBAGO: SIR HORACE ARCHER BYATT.



WIFE OF OUR ROYAL ABYSSINIAN GUEST, RAS TAFARI: H.H. WAIKEZO MENEN.



RIDING HIS TRICYCLE: RAS



TAFARI'S LITTLE SON.



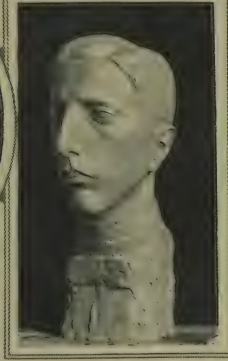
DUE IN ENGLAND ON MONDAY, JULY 7: H.H. RAS TAFARI, REGENT OF ABYSSINIA.



MAKER (WITH HOBBS) OF A FIRST-WICKET PARTNERSHIP RECORD IN ENGLAND: SUTCLIFFE.



MAKER (WITH SUTCLIFFE) OF A FIRST-WICKET PARTNERSHIP RECORD: HOBBS.



APPOINTED DIRECTOR OF THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM: MR. ERIC MACLAGAN, C.B.E. (A MESTROVIC BUST).



WINNER OF THE SCURRY STAKES, AT OLYMPIA: LIEUT. BIZARD (27th DRAGOONS, FRANCE) ON PACIFICATEUR.



THE 120-1 WINNER OF THE GRAND PRIX DE PARIS, AT LONGCHAMP: M. LEON MANTACHEFF'S TRANSVAAL.



BACK OF THE ENGLISH TEAM TO PLAY AMERICA FOR THE INTERNATIONAL POLO CUP: MAJOR V. N. LOCKETT.



NO. 2 OF THE ENGLISH TEAM TO PLAY AMERICA FOR THE INTERNATIONAL POLO CUP: MAJOR T. W. KIRKWOOD.



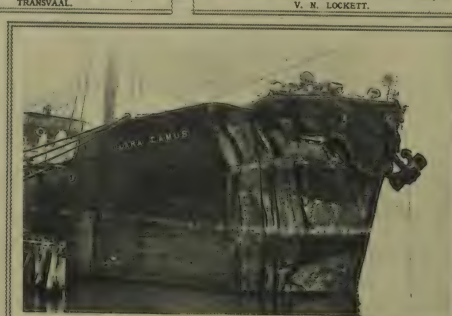
NO. 1 OF THE ENGLISH TEAM TO PLAY AMERICA FOR THE INTERNATIONAL POLO CUP: LIEUT.-COL. T. P. MELVILL.



NO. 3 OF THE ENGLISH TEAM TO PLAY AMERICA FOR THE INTERNATIONAL POLO CUP: MR. L. L. LACEY.



WELCOMING THE DELEGATES AT THE FIRST WORLD POWER CONFERENCE—AT WEMBLEY: THE PRINCE OF WALES; WITH LORD DERBY ON HIS LEFT HAND.



AFTER COLLISION WITH THE CANADIAN PACIFIC LINER "METAGAMA": THE BATTERED BOWS OF THE "CLARA CAMUS."



AFTER COLLISION WITH THE STEAMER "CLARA CAMUS": THE C.P. LINER "METAGAMA," WHICH WAS RACED TO ST. JOHN'S AND BEACHED.



"PETER PAN" IN BRUSSELS: SIR GEORGE FRAMPTON'S GIFT UNVEILED IN THE PALAIS D'EGMONT GARDEN.

Sir Cecil Harcourt Smith, C.V.O., is to retire from the position of Director and Secretary of the Victoria and Albert Museum on September 11, after having held that post for fifteen years. He entered the Department of Greek and Roman Antiquities at the British Museum in 1879, and has been Director of the British School at Athens. He is President of the Society of Civil Servants.—Dr. Henry Arnold Thomas was a personality in Bristol for nearly fifty years, and a minister widely respected by Congregationalists and Free Churchmen.—Sir Horace Byatt became Governor of Tanganyika Territory in 1920.—His Highness Ras Tafari, C.C.M.G., is Regent as well as Heir-Apparent of Abyssinia. A picture of his recent visit to Pope Pius XI. is given on page 17.—During the Test Match between England and South Africa, which began at Lord's on June 28, Sutcliffe and Hobbs were not separated until they had carried the total to 260, and thus set up a record first-wicket partnership in England for Test Matches, a record beaten only by Hobbs and Rhodes at Melbourne in 1912. Hobbs made 211 all told, and Sutcliffe, 122.—Mr. Eric MacLagan became Deputy Keeper of the Department of Architecture and Sculpture in 1921. He is the son of the late Archbishop MacLagan. He entered the Victoria and Albert Museum in 1905. During the war, he was lent to the Foreign Office and the

Ministry of Information, and did excellent work. The clay bust reproduced above was made in 1919, and is one of the works (in lead) now at the Ivan Meštrović exhibition at the Fine Art Society's galleries.—The Scurry Stakes at the International Horse Show, at Olympia, was this year held for the second time. The prize goes to the rider who covers the ground in the shortest time, with the fewest faults. Six obstacles have to be cleared.—Transvaal is by Tracery-Wilfreda. It won by a head and covered the 3000 metres in 3 mins, 11.8-100 seconds.—The International Polo Cup will be played for at Meadowbrook in September. The contest was instituted in 1886. England has won four times, and America four times. Major Lockett will captain England.—Thirty-nine countries are represented at the World Power Conference, which began on June 30, and continues until July 12. It is considering how the industrial and scientific resources of power may be adjusted, internationally and nationally.—The Canadian Pacific liner "Metagama" and the steamer "Clara Camus" were in collision seven miles off Cape Race, in a fog. The "Metagama," which was holed amidships, raced for port, but her captain had to beach her near the dry dock at St. John's, Newfoundland.—Sir George Frampton has presented to Brussels a bronze copy of his Kensington Gardens "Peter Pan."



# The World of the Theatre.

By J. T. GREIN.

## THE WISDOM OF STACY AUMONIER.—LAURA WILDIG.

IN the *Evening Standard* of June 20, Mr. Stacy Aumonier, whose weekly essays are as controversial as they are amusing, delivers a plea for signed criticism. It would be hardly fair to reproduce his arguments, pleasantly see-sawing between banter and earnest, disjointedly. He is one of those *causeurs* whom one enjoys in full without dilution. And, after all, it is the issue that matters—to sign or not to sign. Apparently there are still two camps—or, rather, three, to be exact—the old “we” of anonymity, whose identity remains “wropt in mystery” unless the writer has a style so characteristic that it reveals a personality. Next, of course, those who sign with a full name or initials becoming gradually familiar. And then there is the third community, which, like the neuter gender of Continental languages, has neither name nor sex: “the dramatic critic,” as he or she is called. To this latest product of journalistic fertility, Mr. Aumonier does not refer. I am sorry they escaped his notice; he would have made great fun of the neutrals. But he is dead against anonymity, and all in favour of a full name. There I am with him, and I would add, with a little pride, that in my long career as a critic I have never written a review of another man's work without appending my full name. Here and there an editor, in my young days, would strike it out in proofs—just to put the light of an ambitious youngster under a bushel: some editors are built that way—but even then I would see that any adverse judgment were duly brought under the notice of the person criticised.

For this is the crux of the question—and Mr. Aumonier agrees—so long as you praise, nothing matters. Praise signed or unsigned is always good currency, although with certain signatures it may mean premium. It is blame and stricture that demand the open vision of him that criticises. Anonymity and “we,” unsigned, is a terrible weapon in the hands of the weak, the envious, and the malicious. It vies in possibility of vileness with the anonymous letter. The analogy hardly needs any explanation. It is so easy to vent dislikes, animosities, prejudices, under the shield of concealed identity. Who is to be tackled and attacked in defence? There is no chance of real retaliation, nor for an “eye for an eye.” Editors will not give their contributors away, and I remember a case of a famous critic who had a style of his own and did not sign his articles. When taxed with having written a certain flouting criticism, he replied: “How dare you conjecture!” Considering that everybody knew that he was the writer, the answer was pretty steep, and, perhaps, cowardly. For this, in my opinion, is the inestimable advantage of signed criticism—it is the touchstone of a critic's courage and sense of justice. It is so easy to belittle or insult one's neighbour under a mask, and anon to greet him with a hypocritical smile of amity. I remember a case of two dramatic critics—it was not in London, oh, no!—the one had published a volume of reprints, and the other had “slated” it anonymously in an obvious vein of envy; then they met, and the detractor approached his victim cordially, and said flattering words about his work. The victim knew, but made a bland face for the sake of *confrérie*. Pretty, isn't it? Again, we know how sensitive artists are; how some of them resent anything that is not praise; yet in our social life we have to meet them. There may be recriminations, sometimes offensive remarks in public. To face them with equanimity demands restraint as well as strength of character, particularly when a friend or good acquaintance has been the subject of censure.

The anonymous writer is immune against unpleasantness. He may hide behind the editorial

chair and plead that he is not responsible for what appears in the paper. These things happen every day, and many are the tales that could be told of misdeeds by nameless pens that remained undiscovered. One I will quote, for it is a classic. The critic of a London paper had a rooted dislike for a certain actress—now dead. One day she announced a performance of “Hedda Gabler.” The next morning there appeared a criticism literally blowing her to

without relevancy of praise or blame. Not being a musical critic, I will not enlarge on this part of the argument—although it opens a wide vista. As a reader, I wince when I see how reputations of newcomers are played with in meaningless adjectives and qualifications jotted down slap-dash by an anonymous scribe. Anonymity, to my mind, is a relic of antiquity: a vile and useless practice, except in leading articles, when the editor assumes the moral responsibility for every utterance. In criticism of brainwork and of art, it has but a detrimental influence. The sooner it is abolished the better. “A name is a guarantee of good faith.”

The Interlude Players have found a new dramatist of promise in Miss Laura Wildig. Her comedy, “Punchinello”—the story of a whimsical actor ruralising far from the madding crowd in a country cottage, visited by a pretty little girl, who has run away—she does not say whence, why, or wherefore—slept in a haystack, seeks sanctuary, stays a month with him (oh, most sisterly) and falls in love with him—begins with a first act of idyllic charm. There is a

fresh touch of Bohemianism and idealism in it, and the dialogue ripples along with ease and humour. We were charmed. We took it all for granted. We did not bother about her antecedents. We let ourselves go in fantasy. But first acts—like the widows of the song—are dangerous. Would the author be able to keep it up? Would she maintain the delicacy of woof of gossamer? Would theatricality not take the place of illusion? Alas! it did. In the second act, still pleasant, but long, laborious, wandering into the byways of needless parlance, there appeared a big, bluff man in the actor's Eden: her husband. It was from him that she had run away, because he neglected her for golf. He claimed his rights and took her away on the very day when the actor in a new play was to have the chance of his life. With the appearance of that husband the bloom was rubbed off the peach. We felt a little cheated. She was so maidenly, so innocent, in the first act, and now we found that she knew a good deal of what is to be known of life. The idyll had come to earth. It was a pity. Now the story, bereft of its archaism, became ordinary comedy; still bright in patches and nimbleness of dialogue, but hardly credible. Of course, at the end, *tout s'arrange*; but it did not seem quite natural; it was theatrical. Perhaps the author is an actress. She knows the stage too well; yet not well enough to distribute the interest symmetrically. It took nearly three hours to tell a tale. It taxed our interest. From the end of the second act the story should have been differently handled. It is one thing to erect an illusion and another to maintain it. Yet in this comedy there is a great deal of talent. The character of the Punchinello actor is delightfully drawn in its elusiveness; some of the smaller ones, a jolly trio of actors, are clever vignettes. The material was good: there was something wrong in the constellation. Mr. Campbell Gullan was wholly fascinating as the light-hearted, romantic, temperamental hero—a real Punchinello, pleasantly meandering through life. Miss Nancy Atkin as the Columbine was so sweet, so maidenly, so appealing, that we almost felt cross with her for having taken us in by her reticence. She was sweet

eighteen beyond the suspicion of matrimony. Miss Di Forbes, as a rigid clergyman's wife, and Miss Dora Gregory as a housekeeper with a sharp tongue and a warm heart, gave excellent thumbnails of characterisation. The ensemble was fair; some parts might have been differently cast. The final impression was that Miss Laura Wildig has the gift, and should be encouraged to continue.



AN IDEAL SETTING FOR SHAKESPEARE'S FIRST AND MOST “OPEN-AIR” PLAY: THE O.U.D.S. PRODUCTION OF “LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST” IN THE GARDEN OF WADHAM COLLEGE.

The Oxford University Dramatic Society gave, on June 21, the first of a series of delightful performances of “Love's Labour's Lost” in the garden of Wadham. The grass formed the stage, and the “scenery” consisted entirely of trees, through which the players made their exits and their entrances. As every scene of the play is laid in the open air, the setting was ideal, and fortunately the weather was favourable.—[Photograph by Hills and Saunders, Oxford.]

smithereens. But, unfortunately for the critic, the performance—at the last minute—had been postponed for two days! As she was a stranger in this country and had no money, she contented herself with a letter of protest. It was not published—the editor shielded his contributor—and, as the Critics'



THE BEST SCENE, AND THE BEST SONG, IN THE KINGSWAY REVUE: MISS MARJORIE GORDON IN “FROM A CASTLE WINDOW,” IN “YOICKS!”

Miss Marjorie Gordon both acts and sings charmingly in “Yoicks!” the revue recently produced at the Kingsway by Mr. Donald Calthrop. The best item is her song in the scene “From a Castle Window,” with lyrics by Mr. J. Hastings Turner, music by Mr. Robert Hood Brown, and a picturesque setting by Mr. Hugh Gee.—[Photograph by Stage Photo. Co.]

Circle did not then exist, there was no further action. Would that critic—save the mark!—have hazarded on his nefarious speculation, if it had been incumbent on him to sign his article? Mr. Aumonier, in his essay, goes on to question the fairness of musical criticism in “polishing off” several concerts held the same afternoon or evening with a few remarks





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## UNEMPLOYMENT AT THE "ZOO": A SEQUEL TO HYGIENE.

FROM THE WATER-COLOUR BY J. A. SHEPHERD. (COPYRIGHTED.)



MELANCHOLY RESULTS OF HYGIENE IN THE MONKEY HOUSE AT THE "ZOO": (1) THE GOOD OLD DAYS ;  
(2) THE LAST HOPE ; (3) UNEMPLOYMENT.

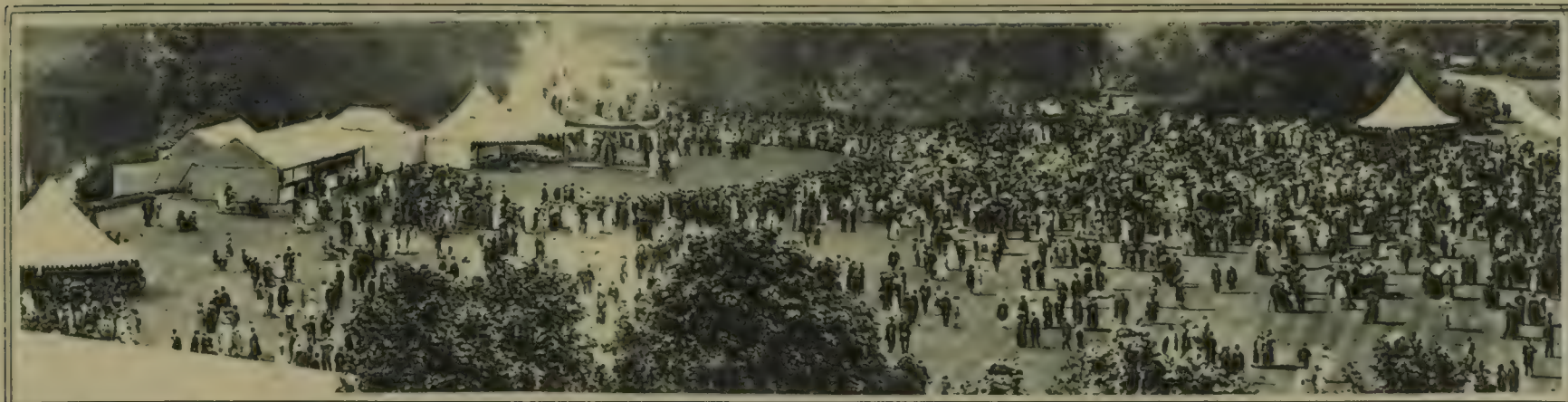
Mr. J. A. Shepherd, the well-known animal artist, here depicts some unforeseen results of a policy of strict hygiene as enforced at the "Zoo." There, it appears, "the old order changeth," and what with new buildings, new brooms, new cages, and

sanitary regulations, there is not a single flea left in the Gardens! The effect on the Monkey House, if we may judge from Mr. Shepherd's drawings, has been to deprive the inmates of a time-honoured occupation and reduce them to despair.



## ROYAL AND LABOUR EVENTS: GARDEN-PARTIES; A "TEST"; FRENCH AIRMEN.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOPICAL, "TIMES," PHOTOPRESS, AND C.N.



PEOPLED BY TEN THOUSAND GUESTS: THE GROUNDS AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE AT THE FIRST ROYAL GARDEN-PARTY OF THE SEASON—THE KING AND QUEEN UNDER THE SHAMIANA.



THE ENGLAND v. SOUTH AFRICA TEST MATCH THAT WAS STOPPED FOR THE KING, AT LORD'S: R. H. CATTERALL MAKING A STROKE TO LEG FROM GILLIGAN'S BOWLING.



BRITAIN'S FIRST LABOUR PREMIER AS HOST AT HAMPTON COURT PALACE: MR. RAMSAY MACDONALD ARRIVING—WITH PRINCESS LOUISE ON HIS LEFT AND (IMMEDIATELY BEHIND HER) LADY PATRICIA RAMSAY AND MISS ISHBEL MACDONALD.

The first Royal Garden-Party of the season, to which their Majesties invited some ten thousand guests, was held at Buckingham Palace last week on an ideal June day. Many overseas visitors were present. Following their usual custom, the King and Queen moved about the grounds for some little time before taking up their position under the awning in front of the royal tea-tent. A certain number of guests had the honour of being presented during the royal progress, and others while their Majesties were under the shamiana, which is seen to the left centre of the photograph.—The Test Match, which was begun at Lord's on Saturday, June 28, was not only interesting in itself, but on the first day provided a surprise, in that, for the first time in any match of the sort, play was suspended



THE FRENCH AIR OFFICERS WHO FLEW AT THE AERIAL PAGEANT, AT HENDON, ENTERTAINED BY THE PRIME MINISTER AT CHEQUERS: MR. RAMSAY MACDONALD, HIS GUESTS, AND HIS DAUGHTERS, JOAN, ISHBEL, AND SHEILA (LEFT TO RIGHT).

while the King had the members of the two teams presented to him. In our photograph, which was taken with a long-focus lens, R. H. Catterall has M. J. Susskind as a partner. Tyldesley is seen at point. P. G. H. Fender, Woolley (F. E.), and A. P. F. Chapman are seen in the slips, and G. E. C. Wood is behind the wicket.—The Prime Minister was the official host at a Government Garden-Party attended by some three thousand visitors from Oversea Dominions, and held at Hampton Court Palace on June 27. Many of those attending made a tour of the State apartments, and some even ventured into the maze.—On the following Sunday, Mr. Ramsay Macdonald received and entertained at Chequers those French officers who gave a display at the Royal Air Force Aerial Pageant.



## BOOKS OF THE DAY.

By J. D. SYMON.

THE term "a literary event" is a trifle over-worked, and one grows chary of using it, for it has been pressed into the service on occasions when the justification is small. But there are cases where the welcoming of a new book as "a literary event" arouses no misgivings. That happens when the writer stands among the truly elect of letters and has, in addition, the grace to let a decent interval divide his new book from its predecessor. Yet the practice of this wise Malthusianism in literary output need not be overdone, for one could name writers whose work, most rare and felicitous in quality, has a rarity of appearance that might well be modified with no loss to the author and with great gain to the felicity of his reader. There are one or two writers who seem all too chary of unlocking their abundant storehouse, and one confesses without shame to an unrepentant *Oliver Twist* attitude towards these masters. To them it might not be out of place to suggest, with all due respect, that they should not take so literally Corinna's advice to the boy Pindar: "Sow with the hand, and not with the sack." Yet their sparing practice, coupled with their distinction, makes the arrival of every new work of theirs "a literary event" worthy the name. For it is both eventful and literary.

One of the newest of new books answers these requirements to admiration. It comes with a halo of the happiest associations, arising not only from the author's signature, but also from the title, which revives, with one word added, a name that has become classic, and is dear to the heart of all good bookmen. Signature and title have become almost synonymous. To mention "Obiter Dicta" is in effect to say "Augustine Birrell," and vice-versa. It is to recall the choicest of living essayists, who keeps alive the art of the essay in small compass.

It is just forty years since "Obiter Dicta" first appeared. The work saw a second series, and other collections, different in title, but similar in spirit and workmanship, followed from time to time—"Re-Judicata," "Men, Women and Books," "Collected Essays," "Miscellanies" come happily to mind, to say nothing of more elaborate works, the books on Charlotte Brontë, the monographs on Hazlitt and on Andrew Marvell in the English Men of Letters Series, and the edition of Boswell. No, Mr. Birrell cannot be accused of sowing with the sack. But every addition to his handful is thereby the more precious.

Here, then, in a good hour, arrives "MORE OBITER DICTA," by Augustine Birrell (Heinemann; 7s. 6d.), a little book, but full of matter. It contains papers of yesterday and some of the day before yesterday, several years removed. One of yesterday's reviews, which still smacks strongly of to-day, the reader will hasten to taste out of its due order, from pure curiosity to see what Mr. Birrell has to say about a brother wit and essayist (but an essayist on a larger scale), Mr. Lytton Strachey, whose "Eminent Victorians" forms the subject of the paper entitled "The Gods of Yesterday." Mr. Birrell, as many who read the review will remember, calls it "a delightful book, full of the best qualities of authorship." He remarks that "elderly folk who are beginning to move slowly about the ground, with figures 'grown convex,' may find in its pages just a little too much, despite the prevailing note of a dexterous urbanity, of that unkindness of judgment which is characteristic of critics who have not yet been judged by their juniors"; but with this caveat, demanded by the birthdays which lie behind him, Mr. Birrell "returns thanks for this book of Mr. Strachey, which may confidently be recommended to all would-be biographers."

Follows a completely characteristic piece of what has been called "Birrelling" apropos of one class of "Standardised Biography," of which the author "cannot think without something between a shudder and a groan"—

Oh, these familiar headings! "Birth and Parentage," "School Days," "The University," "Early Struggles," "Choice of a Profession," "Marriage," "Foreign Travel," and so on, through the dull, devaluing record, until your tired eye rests with unbecoming joy upon the familiar words, "Ill-Health, Death, and Characteristic." Such things promote blasphemy. Future biographers of modern celebrities will do well to keep these caustic pages of Mr. Strachey by their side as they write as a *memento mori*.

Only one figure in Mr. Strachey's "menagerie" would Mr. Birrell wish away. He considers Dr. Arnold of Rugby "a little out of place in this highly finished and ironical gallery of portraits." Arnold "has long disappeared"; further—a good and curious point of criticism, this—more than seventy years ago, Dr. James Martineau took in all essential respects the same point of view as Mr. Strachey. This, Mr. Birrell adds, is "not really surprising, for Dr. Arnold was from the very beginning exceedingly obvious to any 'unblinkered' observer, Christian or otherwise."

"Eminent Victorians" does not name Cardinal Newman in its list of contents, but, Mr. Birrell points out, "his portrait is to be seen hanging, *vis-à-vis* to Manning's, in this gallery." If there were any breach to repair in that respect, "More Obiter Dicta" would repair it amply, for the essay, "Cardinal Newman," although a reprint from 1890, still retaining its original present tense (which might have been altered with some advantage to the reader's peace), is, within its brief measure, as searching a study

as Mr. Strachey's, and far less likely to disconcert those of slow footstep and convex figure. For here there is no "squirting of ironical humour" over the victim. Newman makes other entrances in other essays, and many readers will find their pleasure in the book heightened by the pastime of comparing all Mr. Birrell's instances. As chance will have it, I write these words in Oriel College, where I have just been looking once more at the famous portrait of Newman in the Senior Common Room, and at Dr. Arnold's in the Hall.

These are good things, but Mr. Birrell is most truly himself when he takes post some little distance anterior to the Victorian era, and talks to us of eighteenth and early nineteenth-century worthies, or of half-forgotten characters as far back as Elizabeth's time. Such are his studies of "Old Nollekens," "The Grenville Brothers," "Henry Fielding and the Literary Tradition," "The Last Days of Queen Elizabeth," a sketch of John Chamberlain, "the letter-writer"—"Was ever before an Englishman thus curtly described?" asks the essayist—and "Arthur Hall, M.P. for Grantham," the first English translator of Homer—from the French! Mr. Birrell also crosses the Border, with great acceptance, and writes in a manner very pleasing to Scotsmen of "Clerk Scott's Decisions," and of "Sound, Sound the Clarion," this last a survey of a correspondence that caused some little sensation in 1920, when the famous stanza from "Old Mortality" was attributed, apparently almost beyond cavil, to a Major Mordaunt. But Mr. Birrell ingeniously shows cause why it may still be placed to the credit of "Clerk Scott" aforesaid; for which relief, much thanks.

To Mr. Birrell thanks are due also, not for these essays



A WELL-KNOWN NOVELIST TO MARRY THE HEIR TO A BARONETCY: MISS SHEILA KAYE-SMITH AND HER FIANCÉ, THE REV. T. P. FRY.

Much interest was aroused by the recent announcement that Miss Sheila Kaye-Smith, author of many well-known South-country novels, from "A Tramping Methodist" (1908) to "Joanna Godden" (1921), besides poems, is engaged to the Rev. Theodore Penrose Fry, eldest son of Sir John Fry, Bt., and Lady Fry, of Great Ayton, Yorkshire. Mr. Fry was educated at Winchester and King's College, Cambridge, and served as a Captain in the Durham Light Infantry. His family is of Saxon origin, and held lands in Wiltshire before 1287. Miss Kaye-Smith is a daughter of the late Mr. Edward Kaye-Smith, surgeon and physician, of St. Leonards-on-Sea.

Photographs by Hawsis.

alone, but for "More Obiter Dicta," from title-page to colophon, and every reader will hope that there is more to follow. Perhaps, although it is difficult to believe, our accomplished essayist is like a learned ex-Judge, who confessed recently in rhyme

The best of all my *Obiter*  
I never dared to say.

If that is the case with Mr. Birrell, how surpassingly excellent must be the great unsaid; and if it comes to be included in "Still More Obiter Dicta," what a banquet for the gods we shall enjoy there! So mote it be.

To turn from the work of an old and tried hand in literary criticism to the work of a hand comparatively new, here is an interesting volume on the everlasting subject of Shakespeare. Miss Agnes Mure Mackenzie is not altogether new to authorship. She is a poet, with a strong vein of Celtic inspiration, the joint-editor of an *Anthology of Academic Verse*, and not so very long ago she published a charming novel, "Without Conditions," which brought something of a Jane Austenish touch to Scottish life in the earlier part of last century. It was not a book to tickle the groundlings, but it found its account with the discerning. Thereby its state is more gracious. Now Miss Mackenzie appears as the full-dress critic of literature in one of its most difficult aspects. She has chosen an old subject, "THE WOMEN IN SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS" (Heinemann; 15s.), but if the subject is old, the author may fairly claim that her treatment is new.

Miss Mackenzie encourages the reader by her preliminary confession that she will not attempt to apply the Freudian principles to Goneril or to Miranda. Her purpose is "to study from the point of view of her own time the literary treatment of the women characters in Shakespeare's work, and the growth and change of his artistic attitude towards them, and towards their specific share in the actions and endurances of life—of human life that is both men's and women's." The last clause of explanation is surely unnecessary; but that is a small point. The book, well-informed and acute, says much that is noteworthy about women, but it is also wonderfully shrewd in its judgments upon men. Perhaps those verdicts will appeal to mankind more than the rest of the work, for, by the author's own showing, men will never know what is at the back of a woman's mind. She seems to think that the converse holds good. I am not so sure; and am inclined to believe that woman can read the mind of man far better than man can read the mind of woman. Consequently I feel that I am not quite competent to apply the touchstone of finally intelligent criticism to this book. That must be left to a woman, who alone can say whether Miss Mackenzie has arrived at truth.

But there are many things that the less deadly of the species can admire, in particular that most engaging doubt as to whether the bed-room scene between Desdemona and Emilia could have been written by a man. "The whole scene catches most extraordinarily the atmosphere of the woman's half of a mixed household. Quite where it lies, I am not sure; it is impossible to put one's finger on anything definite, beyond the sense somehow of a closed door." Is not that precisely the definite point upon which Miss Mackenzie has laid an unerring finger? But to give that impression need not have baffled the universal genius of Shakespeare.

This challenging, able book is far more than a special study of Shakespeare's women. It is also a theory of the poet's character, involving some nice speculation, dependent on the latest views as to the chronological order of the plays. Opinions will differ as to the soundness of this part of the work, which regards Shakespeare as subject to periods of intense effort, alternating with periods of spiritual exhaustion. Perhaps he carried his genius more lightly than Miss Mackenzie supposes. In her view there is just a touch of the present-day minor literary person's absurd and self-conscious preoccupation with his "work" and his "moods." Shakespeare was more concerned about making a comfortable competence than about posing as the heavy literary man. I question whether the agonies of composition troubled him very much. He did the immediate job as it came along, and there was an end on't. Sometimes he made a spoon—and such a spoon!—at others he came as near spoiling a horn as was possible to one of his extraordinary gifts and powers. But this single insidious indication of the influence of the professional literary spirit must not be taken to imply that Miss Mackenzie is deluded by current fashions in criticism. She is far too well trained, too deeply informed for that. Witness her salutary little thrust at the "Lawrentio-Russian deities of the literary undergraduate." She finds in Shakespeare no "sex-obsession." Even when "he was in a condition to see passion wholly as a force of baseness, he was keenly aware that there were other things in life for it to combat." Through this book there blows a healthy breeze which, as it gains in strength, will help to dispel the miasma that of late years has poisoned life and letters. Miss Mackenzie's work is of good omen.

This article seems to have drifted more towards *belles lettres* than is usual, but, for once in a way, books of that kind must have their turn, even if it means the temporary omission of the more obviously popular. As it is now too late to change the subject I may as well continue in the same vein, and mention at least, if full discussion is now precluded by dwindling space, one or two of the more important recent books which come under the heading of the purely literary. Chief among these is Mr. Lascelles Abercrombie's memorable study, "THE THEORY OF POETRY" (Secker; 5s.), a book not to be dismissed in a single line. It has lain on my table for some time, awaiting a convenient season for discussion. It is not of the ephemeral, and further reference, in connection with other matters, will not be out-of-date. It is a landmark in criticism.

With this one may group conveniently two books which illustrate a most interesting question, that of poets as prose writers. These are "ESSAYS," by W. B. Yeats (Macmillan; 10s. 6d.), and "RECENT PROSE," by John Masefield (Heinemann; 6s.), both books full of suggestion for those who care to follow out the subject of poets' prose. Finally, as a *bonne bouche* for those who appreciate fiction of which the chief charm lies in its deftly allusive literary workmanship and sub-satirical humour, I would recommend Miss Elinor Wylie's "sedate extravaganza," "JENNIFER LORN" (Grant Richards; 7s. 6d.), a very unusual novel, and one that is likely to set the critics by the ears. I have read it with tickling delight, and shall read it again at once in order to test my first ungodly enjoyment of its bizarre quality. If it stands the test, it will demand further and more detailed notice.



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# THE WORLD OF WOMEN

THE King and the Queen have been very pleased with the visit of King Christian and Queen Alexandrina of Denmark. Their last visit—a State one—was made in the spring of 1913, and was to a great extent shadowed by the death of the Duke of Argyll, which happened at that time. The gala at the Opera and State Banquet took place, as the arrangements had been completed. The Queen of Denmark has since then had a serious illness, and the love of her shown by the Danes was very great. There are two Danish Princes and no Princesses. Prince Frederick, the elder, is twenty-five, and unmarried, and is coming over here for Cowes Regatta, when he will sail a small yacht there. Very charming things are said about him.

The fashion of wearing flowers on day dresses is a very pretty one, and is at its best when black, black-and-white, or all-white dresses are worn. It is a revival, for at one time smart women had their favourite flowers with the wearing of which they were identified as certainly as is the King with a white carnation buttonhole, and Lord Lonsdale with a gardenia. Queen Alexandra wore roses, either red or pink; the Duchess of Portland, first Malmaison and then Mikado carnations. Now the Marchioness Curzon wears cattleya orchids when her dress is black or white. At Ascot the Queen on one day wore flowers, and so did the Duchess of York. It is a pretty fashion, dainty and effective, and only truly satisfactory when the blooms are real.

The late General Sir Dighton Probyn, V.C., was, on his mother's side, of Ulster blood—she was the daughter of Sir Francis Workman Macnaghten, of Bushmills, County Antrim, and was the eighth of ten daughters, and there were also six sons. Sir Dighton was an example of fidelity and devotion, and Queen Alexandra will feel his loss deeply. He rendered her the most chivalrous attention in every way, and anticipated her every wish. On the other hand, Queen Alexandra thought of and for him. It was in early years that he caught her runaway horse in a riding accident at Sandringham, for which she always insisted that she owed him her life. To another devoted friend and member of her Household for fifty-four years, the Hon. Charlotte Knollys, she

owed her escape from death when the wing of Sandringham House in which she slept was burned down.

The Gala Afternoon at the Horse Show interested the King and Queen and their guests, the King and Queen of Denmark, immensely. The King talked away to our Queen, who was looking delightfully handsome wearing a hat, not one of the usual toques, of black crinoline straw surrounded with powder-blue ostrich feathers, with such a pretty white lawn and lace dress, embroidered in white. The King was talking a lot to Rear-Admiral Niblack, of the U.S. Navy, whom he saw a great deal of at Cowes two years ago, when, if I remember right, the Admiral was in command of the big American war-ship *Utah*. The Earl of Lonsdale also chatted to the King, and Queen Alexandrina of Denmark was included in the conversation. Her Majesty was wearing a dress of hydrangea-blue soft satin, embroidered in silk the same colour, and wore a wide-brimmed hat to match. General Pershing was in the royal loge, and sat beside the Dowager Countess of Airlie, to whom he talked with great animation. The great hall was full in every part, and the horses were a joy to watch. I prefer the English style of jumping to the Italian, although the latter won the King's Cup. Our horses went at the obstacles as if they were in the hunting-field. The Italian winner sauntered up to them almost contemptuously, had a look, and then hopped over. A queer and clever performance, but not an inspiring one.

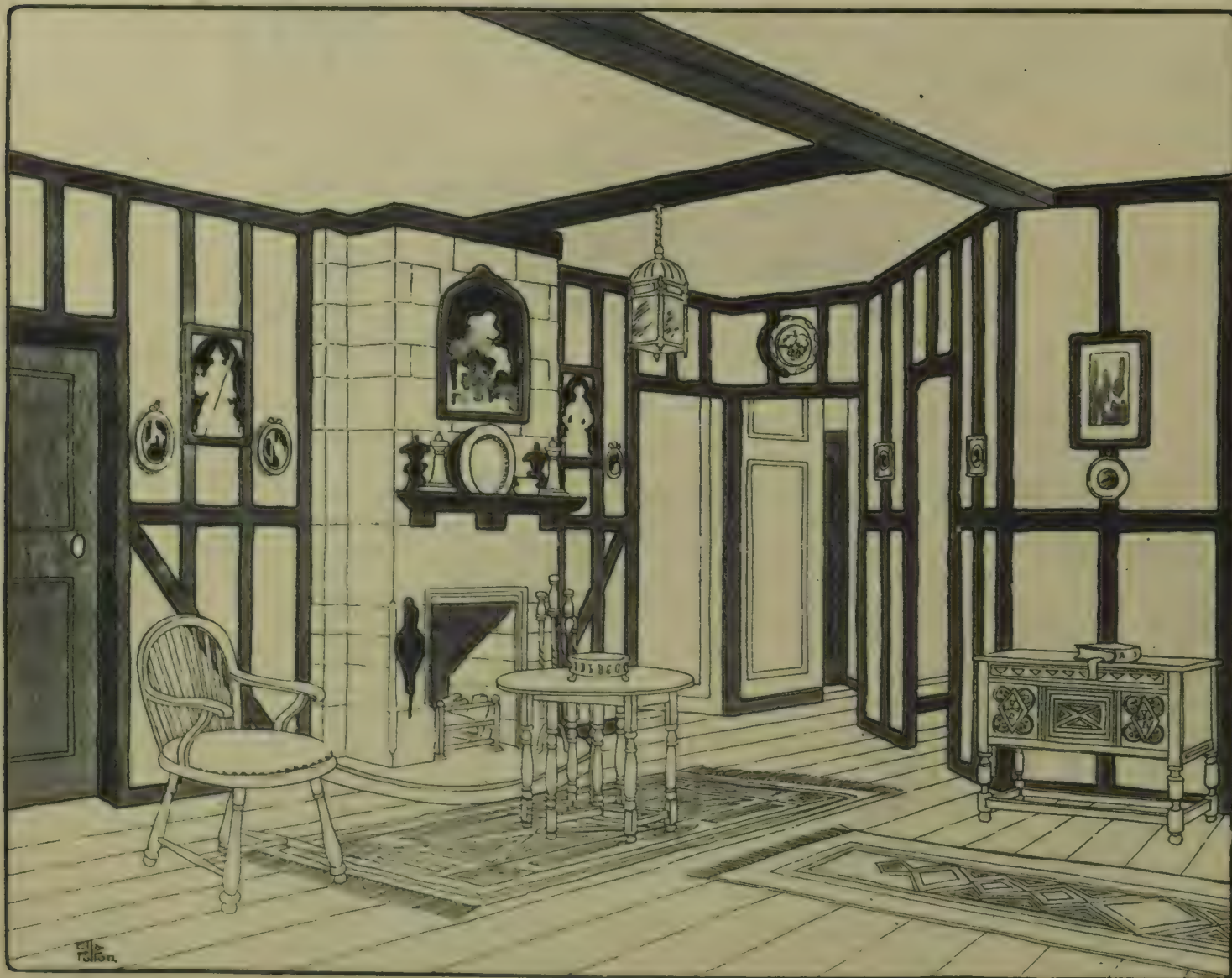
Our Overseas friends will take back with them a bright and happy memory of the King and Queen's Garden Party, which was a singularly successful one—seemingly the largest and most brilliant yet given. The beauty of the grounds, with their lake, splendid trees, and parterres of lovely variously coloured flowers, and lawns like emerald velvet, impressed guests from the vast stretches of prairie and bush

as few things have done. The graciousness of the King and Queen many were prepared for, as they remembered visits from their Majesties before the reign began, in their great home cities. The Prince of Wales, too, as he moved about giving kindly greetings here and there, was a renewal to very many of that affectionate loyalty which the Heir-Apparent never fails to inspire.

The Queen was to many minds the queen of beauty and the queen of dress. Her Majesty, in her filmy orchid-mauve and feather crown hat in the same lovely tint, carrying a sunshade to match, and wearing just a few diamonds near the neck of her bodice, was indeed a Queen to be proud of, and proud of her we were. A graceful figure, too, was the Queen of Denmark, dressed all in white and wearing a white hat. The Duchess of York looked sweet—she could not help doing so if she wanted to; happily, she does not—and she dresses in a style that suits her. On that day she was all in cream colour. Lady Patricia Ramsay and the Marchioness of Carisbrooke were two other tall and handsome members of the royal entourage. The Duchess of Devonshire in silver grey was delightfully graceful and good to look at as she attended the Queen as Mistress of the Robes.

An interesting pair were Mrs. Kendal—in cream colour and pink, wearing her usual little bonnet and a shawl-like cape of pink crêpe-de-Chine—and Lady Alexander, wearing a white lace dress and a long cape of ostrich feathers shaded from pink to pale mauve, with a large hat trimmed with ostrich feathers like those on the cape. They made one think of the graces of yesteryear, and the gay styles of the year after next. Mr. Austen Chamberlain escorted his tall, handsome wife, wearing his monocle and beautifully turned out in summer grey and a grey top hat. Mrs. Chamberlain was in cream colour, and wore a long black lace cloak. Bishops wore holiday looks—the Bishop of Southwark and Bishop Carr Glyn were a stalwart pair of Prelates, and Bishop Ryle, Dean of Westminster, and Canon Carnegie were another pair of Anak-like sons of the Church.

Do men admire the King's taste in dress as much as women do the Queen's. Certainly his Majesty is always just right in his turn-out. At the Garden Party it seemed that he had departed from his customary all-white carnation button-hole, for there was a touch of pink. It proved, however, to be an Alexandra Day rose peeping out from the petals of the carnation. The King's grey frock coat was perfectly cut, as was the lavender waistcoat worn with it, and the trousers were just creased correctly without emphasis. I heard a lady express a wish that his Majesty would wear a black hat-band on his light grey top hat. Looking round on many tall grey hats, the owners of which had felt that they really could not go the whole way and compromised with black bands of differing width, his Majesty's hat acquired a distinguished individualism which was in keeping with its wearer. A. E. L.



This inviting lounge hall, with its old oak timbers and rough plaster walls, can be studied in the model bungalow at Wembley (Lion Way, No. 1). It is carried out and furnished by Hampton and Sons, Pall Mall East, S.W. (See page 38.)





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## Fashions and Fancies.

### A Bungalow at Wembley.

Many people reluctantly abandon, on the score of expense, the delightful idea of acquiring a bungalow in the country or by the sea. Yet at the British Empire Exhibition one may inspect one of the scores of extremely moderate model bungalows built and furnished by the well-known firm of Hampton and Sons, Pall Mall East, S.W. The plan is based on years of experience in building small houses and week-end cottages at the smallest expense compatible with really solid construction, and every foot of space is utilised to the best advantage. The inviting lounge-hall (pictured on page 36) is carried out in old oak timbers, with the walls of rough plaster, and a fine stone fireplace. Combined with this picturesque setting are the newest appliances for comfort and economy. Those who are unable to view the actual model at Wembley should write for an illustrated brochure giving full particulars.

### Summer Fashions in Shoes.

Englishwomen have a world-wide reputation for their unerring choice of footwear. Graceful lines combined with absolute comfort are the essential attributes, and these can certainly be claimed by the famous "Mayflowa" shoes sponsored by W. Abbott and Sons. The three attractive models pictured on this page come from their salons at 58, Regent Street, W. Those on the right are expressed in beige suède, and can be obtained for 30s. The beautifully marked lizard-skin shoes on the left cost 63s., and the practical brogues with crêpe rubber soles are only 35s.



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be obtained for 6s. 11d., and one-bar models for 8s. 11d., while the same shoe in white suède is 25s. 9d. Sports shoes range from 7s. 11d. upwards. An illustrated catalogue will be sent free on application, and a single shoe may be had on approval if desired.

### A Sale at Jay's.

It is the ambition of every woman to shop at Jay's, Regent Street, W., and it is splendid news that they are now in the midst of a clearance sale to make room for the autumn modes. All Paris models have been ruthlessly reduced to practically half their original cost. A beautiful black silk mousquetaire coat originally priced at 29 guineas can be secured for 19½ guineas, and short Paisley coats with deep fur collars are 9½ guineas instead of 15½ guineas. In every department there are equally attractive possibilities, and all readers should apply for an illustrated catalogue, which will be sent post free.

### Bargains in Hats and Ribbons.

The sales are now in full swing, and at Gorrings', Buckingham Palace Road, S.W., there are a host of bargains to be secured. All model hats have been reduced to half-price, and fine tagel straws,

prettily trimmed, are offered at 15s.; while real featherweight velours, originally 35s., are marked at the same price. Then there are 3000 yards of rich satin ribbon, 6 in. wide, reduced from 2s. 9½d. to 1s. 0½d. a yard; and beautiful foulard ombre ribbon can be secured for 1s. a yard. "Stumpy" sunshades and taffeta umbrellas in gay colours are available for 10s. each, and animal ties of wolf and natural red fox, ranging originally from 5½ to 6½ guineas, are now 59s. 6d. An illustrated catalogue will be sent gratis and post free to all readers.

### Special Offers during July.

A note must be made of the fact that during this month, Elvery's, of 31, Conduit Street, W., are making several specially attractive offers. Tailor-made holiday coats in light covert cloth can be secured for 79s. 6d., or in wool gabardine lined with rain-proof silk for the same price. Then silk waterproofs in lovely colours are 59s. 6d., and the practical "Zephyrmacs" range from 29s. 6d. Travelling wraps in Shetland and Scotch tweeds are obtainable for 5 guineas, and suède sports hats from 10s. 6d. Nor must it be forgotten that reliable children's mackintoshes are available from £1 1s. upwards.

### Golden Opportunities.

No one must fail to visit Harvey Nichols', Knightsbridge, S.W., during their great sale, which is now in progress. There are useful lace-stitch woollen sports coats to be secured for 15s. 6d. (originally 29s. 6d. to 42s.), and pure silk knit scarves for 25s. Suits of the fashionable silk bouclette have been reduced from 11 guineas to 5 guineas, and attractive knitted woollen suits are only 42s.



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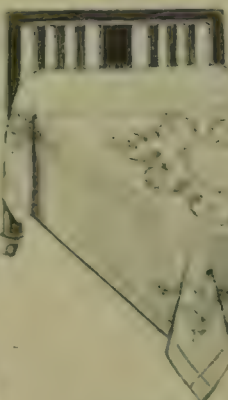
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175 & 176, SLOANE STREET, LONDON, S.W.1



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## THE WORLD OF MUSIC.

A BOOK has just been published which gives a fascinating revelation of music in England during the greater part of the nineteenth century. It is a biography of perhaps the greatest English tenor we have ever had, Sims Reeves,\* who was born in 1818 and made his first public appearance in 1838, making his debut at Drury Lane in 1848, and dying in his eighty-second year on Oct. 25, 1900. His life therefore covers practically the whole of the Victorian era, and Mr. Pearce has written an excellent book, full of interesting sidelights on the changing fashions of the century, while he succeeds in giving a vivid impression of Sims Reeves's personality.

Sims Reeves's father was a Royal Artillery bandsman who was promoted to Corporal for his singing. In those days glee-singing was greatly in fashion, and the First Gentleman in Europe, says Mr. Pearce, did not disdain to take a part—

"Being told that there were good singers among the band, his Royal Highness asked for Calcott's 'The Derbyshire Ram,' and accordingly this long forgotten favourite of our great-grandfathers, which is not without touches of humour, was sung by Corporal Morris, Mr. McKenzie, and the Prince, H.R.H. taking the bass part."

We are given an interesting glimpse into the state of mind of our grandfathers about the year 1848 in the following description of the part played in the Norfolk and Norwich Festival by the Duke of Cambridge—

"From the point of view of to-day the adulation of the Duke of Cambridge was the most ridiculous feature of the Festival. He was regarded as of equal importance with the music, and when he arrived during the performance of Beethoven's Eighth Symphony the audience cheered him, arresting the progress of the musicians in the orchestra. The National Anthem was sung as soon as the distinguished

\* "Sims Reeves: Fifty Years of Music in England." By Charles E. Pearce. (Stanley Paul; 16s.)

party had taken their seats, and at its conclusion the symphony was resumed. It must be admitted that the Duke did his duty manfully. He never missed a performance; he sat through all in a sort of chair of state; and during 'Elijah' had the score in his hand, from which he hardly took his eyes. He also commanded the various encores, and what would have happened had the audience chosen

favourite song twice. They clamoured for more and ever more automatically, and if, as often happened, Sims Reeves refused to be dictated to any longer, they howled and yelled and set up a pandemonium that would bring the concert to an untimely end. Mr. Pearce gives many instances of what Sims Reeves suffered from this vulgar, thoughtless persecution, but I will quote only one of his stories—

"Sims Reeves was very good-natured and gave way whenever it was possible. On a certain occasion the audience fell to quarrelling over that stormy petrel, 'The Bay of Biscay,' one half calling for its repetition, and the other half yelling for something else. Reeves told them to settle the matter among themselves, and he would sing whatever they wished. The house divided and the majority were for 'The Bay,' which he accordingly gave.

"In later years he was not so disposed to endure this species of persecution. An instance within my experience occurred at the Beaumont Institute, Mile End, where the audiences were invariably insatiable. Reeves had been encored, and, as bows of acknowledgment did not satisfy, he at last yielded to the clamour and appeared. He walked across the platform with that peculiar walk of his (acquired probably from his stage training) and the characteristic nonchalant swing of his shoulders (the origin of silly and unfounded accusations), and had sat down to the piano to accompany himself when some stupid person called out 'My Pretty Jane.' This was too much. He gave one indignant glance around, shut down the lid of the piano with a significant bang, and strode away without a word. He was willing to oblige, but he was not to be dictated to."

Reeves owed his first great success to his engagement to play in opera at Drury Lane by the famous Jullien, who was very keen to found a school of English opera, and in 1847 made an attempt similar to that which the British National Opera Company is still essaying—namely, to give an operatic season without

[Continued overleaf.]



TO REPRESENT THE SPLENDOR OF INDIA IN THE PAGEANT OF EMPIRE AT WEMBLEY: THREE ELEPHANTS FROM CALCUTTA RECENTLY ARRIVED AT TILBURY. Several Indian elephants, with native attendants, arrived at Tilbury from Calcutta on June 24, to take part in the great Pageant of Empire to be produced in the Stadium at Wembley on July 14. The elephants were hoisted out of the ship by cranes. They will appear, in sumptuous trappings, in the second day's section of the pageant—"Eastward Ho!" for which Indian Ruling Princes have lent gorgeous paraphernalia.—[Photograph by C.N.]

to act on their own initiative one hardly dares to think."

As a matter of fact, there was a good side to this worship of royalty, for it protected real music-lovers, and also the singers themselves, from the curse of encores. All through Sims Reeves's life he had to suffer from his too great popularity. An audience would not always be contented with his singing a

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## A Hint on Gear Changing—II.

**T**HE gear lever is in neutral, the clutch is IN (see Gear Changing I). The car is running under its own momentum. The next step in changing DOWN is to accelerate the engine to suit the car speed.

When practising gear changing, always glance at the speedometer before changing down.

Having accelerated the engine to suit the speed of the car, disengage the clutch slightly and move the gear lever into position. A silent engagement of the gear is the sign by which you know that you have accelerated enough. Do not be afraid of the accelerator when changing DOWN.

(To be continued).

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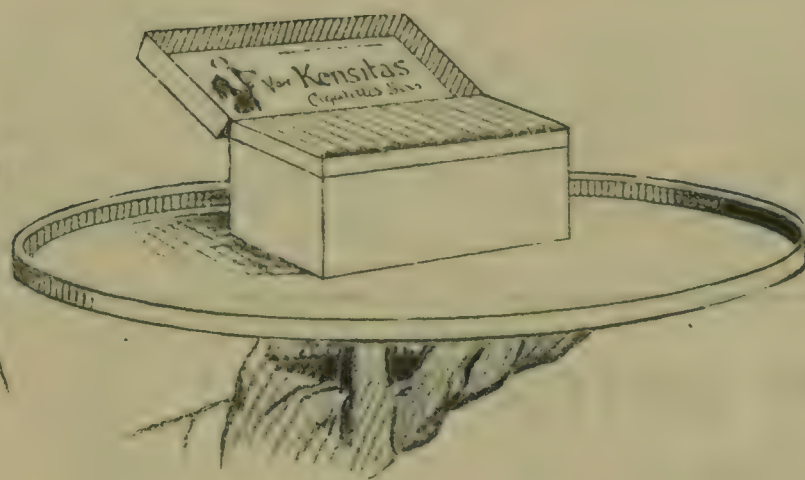
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(Continued.)

inviting subscriptions beforehand, and thus relying on the ordinary paying public. In spite of considerable success, due chiefly to Sims Reeves in "Lucia di Lammermoor," Jullien's attempts failed: "He forgot that the ordinary paying public outside the aristocracy had to be educated up to his standard, and that this would take time. His system of lavish expenditure meant an outlay for which no adequate return could be expected immediately." Jullien was a very remarkable man who did a great deal for music in England. For this opera season he had engaged Berlioz as conductor, and had ransacked Europe for good artists. Berlioz said, in his characteristically ironic way, that "Jullien, in his incontestable, uncontested character of madman, had engaged a splendid orchestra, a first-rate chorus, and a very fair set of singers; he had forgotten nothing but the *répertoire*." After the failure of his operatic venture—which was only a failure financially—Jullien returned to his original occupation—the conducting of the popular promenade concerts. Mr. Pearce gives a vivid picture of this remarkable person:

"Jullien had an instinct for 'effect.' So long as he was talked about, he did not care whether he was criticised favourably or unfavourably. I have a vivid recollection of him conducting his promenade concerts in the 'fifties. Whether it was due to the tailor's art or to his overpowering personality I do not know, but the impression produced upon my boyish mind was that of a colossal figure, a grand torso, wildly waving arms, and especially of snow-white kid gloves. The shortness of his legs was not apparent. The crash of the final chord over, he sank, to all appearance exhausted, into a magnificent throne-like arm-chair, superbly upholstered, mopping his forehead with a delicate pocket-handkerchief, taking care to show the blazing diamond ring on his little finger; he was seemingly deaf to the applause thundering round him. But in due time he rose with majesty,

and one saw nothing but a vast area of shirt-front (ornamented, it was said, by representations of landscapes in embroidery), in the centre of which sparkled another diamond. His sweeping bow was graciousness itself. Anon a page-boy with three rows of gilt buttons sprouting from neck to waist appeared, bearing a salver on which was a second pair of white kid

it was impossible to go wrong." The methods have changed, but a good deal of the old spirit is left, and the twentieth-century variety of the estimable Jullien is not unknown to us—fortunately. Such characters do a great deal to enliven the world in which we live, and it is to be hoped that mankind will never be without them.—W. J. TURNER.



SUGGESTING A FIRST-CLASS RESTAURANT RATHER THAN A SALOON ON BOARD SHIP: A CORNER OF THE LUXURIOUS DINING SALOON IN THE "CITY OF PARIS," MAKING HOLIDAY CRUISES TO SCANDINAVIA.

gloves, and these the great conductor put on in full sight of the audience before entering upon the next piece. When he conducted Beethoven he used a specially jewelled baton. . . . Moreover, in conducting his 'madness' had considerable method. 'I have had the honour,' says one of his orchestra writing in the *British Bandsman*, "of playing under his baton. . . . I unhesitatingly assert that, with all his peculiarities and study of the picturesque, he was the best conductor I ever played under. . . . One felt

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THOSE who are in doubt as to where they should spend their holiday would do well to think over the suggestion of taking a cruise to the Northern capitals in the fine geared-turbine steamer *City of Paris*. Last year these trips proved so great a success that Ellerman's Wilson Line have decided to arrange similar cruises this season, and the dates on which they leave Immingham are as follows: July 12, July 26, and Aug. 9. The ports of call are Gothenburg, Stockholm, Copenhagen, and Christiania, and passengers have every opportunity for seeing some of the most interesting cities of Scandinavia, by enjoying land trips as well as the sea voyage. The trips last a fortnight, and the cost is from twenty guineas, children under twelve being half-fare. The *City of Paris* herself is a magnificent ocean liner, and has the reputation of being one of the finest vessels engaged in the passenger service between Great Britain and India. She was built to Lloyd's highest class, by the famous firm,

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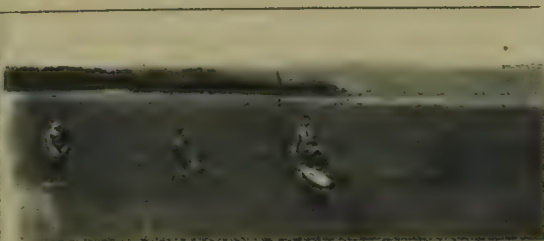
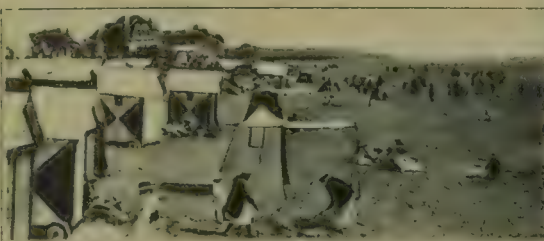
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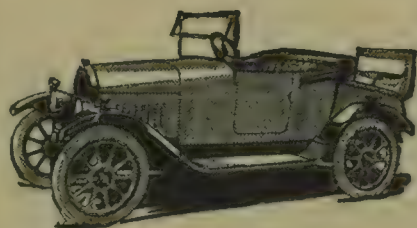
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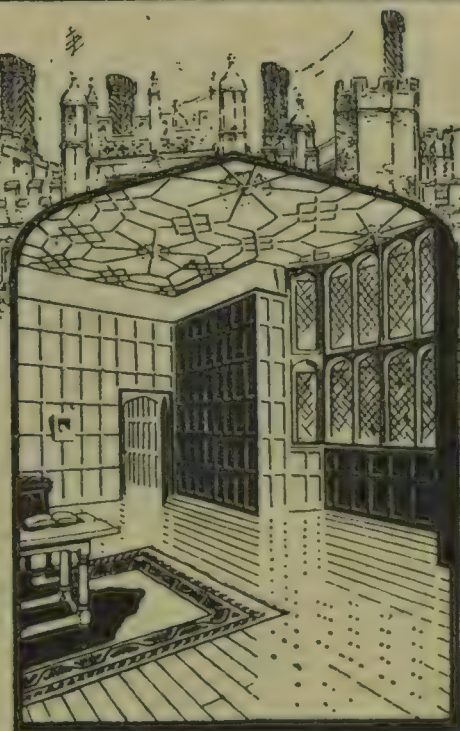
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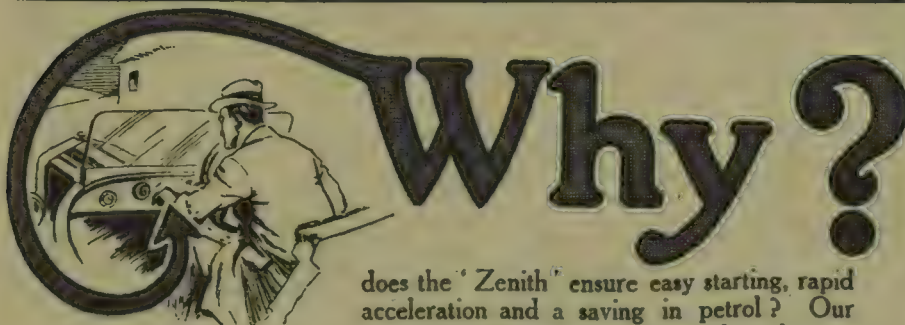


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## THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

## Compulsory Insurance.

From time to time the question arises of passing legislation to compel motor-car owners to insure against third-party risks. Only the other day a case in bankruptcy was heard in which the debtor ascribed his

or in which serious material damages occur. It is not an unknown thing for persons to be seriously injured by horse-drawn vehicles, or even by cyclists, and it is obvious that, as a general rule, the owners of such vehicles are less able to pay for their derelictions than the motor-car owner.

I am not disposed to argue the merits or demerits of compulsory third-party insurance, but still less am I prepared to accept the proposition that it should, if made effective, apply only to the motorist. If it is a good thing for him, then surely it is equally good for the rest—the horsed-vehicle owner, the cyclist, and all the rest of the great road-using community. If any attempt should be made to give legislative effect to the idea, I trust the motoring organisations will fight it tooth and nail along this line.

## Low-Pressure Tyre Performance.

A recent trial at Brooklands seems to set at rest the question of whether or not the new low-pressure or "balloon" tyres will

stand up to sustained high speeds. A set of four Dunlop low-pressure cord tyres were submitted to test on a six-cylinder A.C. car, and were run a distance of 1559½ miles in two days, at an average speed of 67.41 miles an hour, and stood up to it wonderfully well. At the conclusion the amount of wear was carefully recorded by the R.A.C. officials in charge of the trial, when it was ascertained that the maximum wear on any one tread was less than five millimetres, and the minimum less than three millimetres. This is really negligible, bearing in mind that the tyres were quite small of their kind—namely, 29 inch by 4½ inch—

and the high speed at which they were run. Undoubtedly, this type of tyre has come to stay, and it is only a question of time for it to become a standard, particularly in the case of the comparatively small car. We shall before long see the manufacturer designing his cars for these tyres, which I consider is essential if the best results are to be obtained.

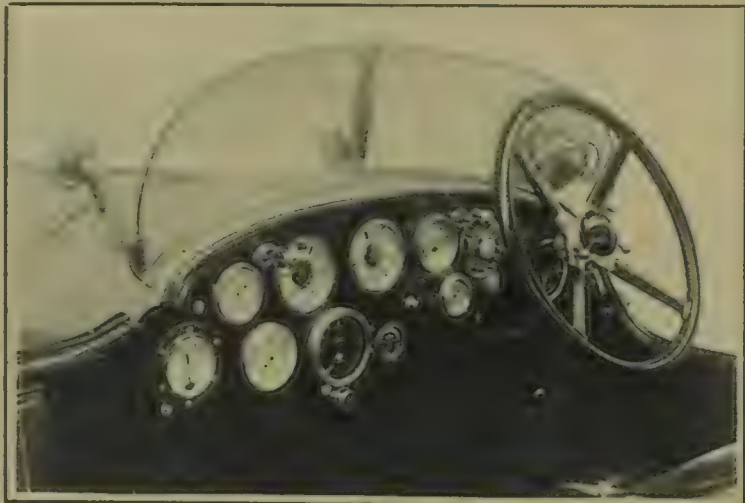
## On Battery Service.

Now that electric lighting and engine-starting are a stock feature of the up-to-date motor-car, the question of batteries and, above all, battery service is one of the most serious factors in no-trouble motoring. It is of no avail to have the car equipped with the best of batteries if there is not essential service behind it. The ideal is to reduce to a minimum the time spent off the road by the car while waiting for spares and repairs. The first essentials for such service are (1) A well-equipped factory; (2) Decentralisation of main supplies; and (3) Agents in every town



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failure to a judgment against him in a running-down case in which he was mulcted in heavy damages. The Official Receiver expressed the opinion that every motorist should be compelled by law to insure himself against such liabilities. If he had gone a great deal farther I should be very much inclined to agree with him; but what one would like to know is why only the motorist should be singled out for such compulsion? As a matter of fact, it seems to me that compulsory third-party insurance ought to be introduced for other classes of road-users even before the motorist. The latter is, as a rule, a person of some substance, and if he should be involved in a case which results in his being condemned to pay more or less heavy damages he is, in nine cases out of ten, able to find the money even if he is not insured. Moreover, the motorist scarcely has a monopoly of accidents in which injuries are caused to a third party



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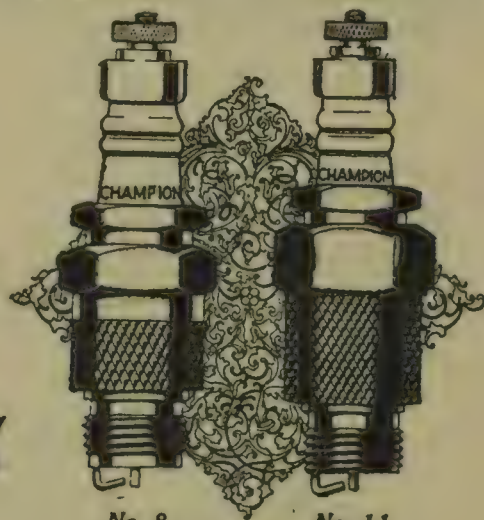
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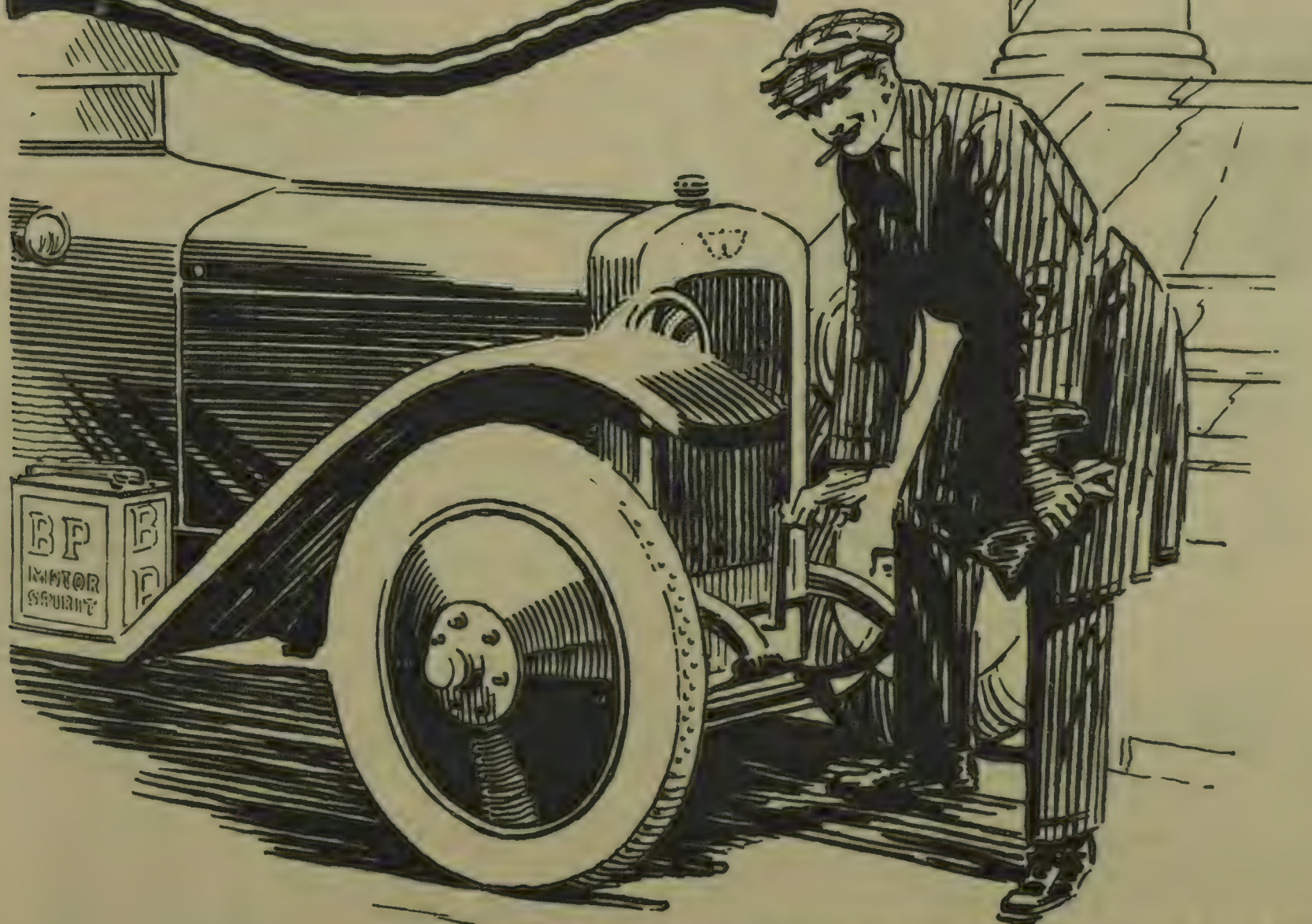


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(Continued.)

door, the same service as could be given him at the factory.

Last week there was a convention of agents of the Exide battery concern, which was not a little remarkable for the light it shed on the organisation and the methods employed by this firm in its relations with the user. I suppose that about eighty per cent. at least of all the cars in use here are equipped with Exide batteries, and it is therefore obvious that any adequate service arrangements must be of a well-thought-out and comprehensive character. I imagined I knew something about their system, of which I have more than once been glad to take advantage, but I really had no idea it was as widespread as it is. It literally lifts from the shoulders of the motorist the whole trouble of battery maintenance, which is borne by the man who knows how to get the most out of the battery. It is really marvellous organisation, and a comfortable one withal. It is a great thing to know that it is virtually impossible for one to be stranded anywhere in the country if the trouble is connected with the battery system.

#### Notable Sunbeam Successes.

At the recent South Harting hill-climb, promoted by the Surbiton Motor Club, the following trophies were secured by Mr. Dario Resta on the new two-litre six-cylinder Sunbeam car: Class 23, for racing cars up to 2000 c.c., silver cup; Class 25, for racing cars up to 3000 c.c., silver cup; Class 27, racing cars unlimited, silver cup; Fastest time of the day, silver cup. At the recent Blackpool Speed Trials Mr. G. J. Jackson, a Blackpool motorist, driving his three-litre Sunbeam,

won the Bentley Cup for Standard Sports cars, the Blackpool Motor Club cup for the best aggregate performance, and the Speed Trials cup for the fastest time made by a car-owner resident in Blackpool.

Cheltenham and London, at 5s. net., marks a great advance over previous road guides. Outstanding features of the Guide are the use of large type throughout, making the text readable under all conditions, and the entire absence of the hieroglyphics which

usually make the study of road books so difficult. The completeness of the information given may be gauged from the fact that, in addition to nearly 300 town plans and the usual details of hotels and repairers for over 2000 centres, a list of official parking places in London and the provinces, routes round and through London, avoiding busy crossings, and a London theatres and cinemas plan are given. Then there is, too, an atlas of thirty maps, showing in detail all first and second grade roads in the British Isles. The book is rounded off by a compendium of useful information and valuable hints relating to motor-cars and motor touring, etc., which is in itself a splendid five-shillings' worth. The Dunlop Rubber Co., Ltd., are further supplementing the value of the Guide Book by opening a bureau devoted to touring service at Central House, 43, 45, 47, Kingsway, London, W.C.2. This service, which is under the control of a motoring authority, is absolutely gratis, and is of the greatest value to any motorist contemplating either a long or a short tour.

#### Vauxhalls at Blackpool.

In the recent Blackpool Speed Trials, Vauxhall cars were first, second, and third both in Class 14 and Class 18. In Class 5 a Vauxhall car was first. All these successes were made with 30-98 h.p. Vauxhall touring cars, with one exception, this being a ten-years-old Vauxhall racing car. W. W.



THE PRINCE OF WALES CONGRATULATES THE WINNERS OF HIS CUP: A SCENE AT THE INTERNATIONAL HORSE SHOW AT OLYMPIA AFTER THE BRITISH TEAM HAD WON THE JUMPING COMPETITION.

Representatives of five foreign Armies took part in the jumping competition for the Prince of Wales's Cup at Olympia, the principal event of the week. The jumping was of a very high order, and England's team only lost 10 points over the course. The Prince descended into the ring when the competition was over, and presented the winning ribbons to the representatives of the various Armies. Thousands of cheering spectators witnessed the ceremony.—[Photograph by G.P.U.]

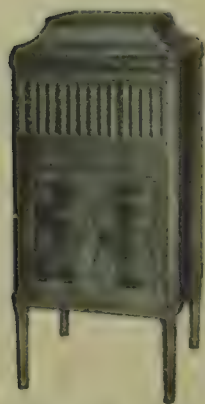
#### A New Dunlop Guide.

The new, handy-sized Dunlop Guide to Great Britain, comprising nearly a thousand pages, and published by Messrs. E. J. Burrow and Co., Ltd., of

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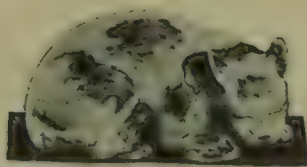
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Be Sure  
You Stroke  
The Lucky Cat



Like most places of note, Wembley has its mascots. One of the luckiest you will find in the Gas Exhibit in the Palace of Industry.

It is a large black and white china cat, which lies curled up on the mat in the model room occupied by an old lady with white hair, who typifies Old Age in "The Seven Ages of Woman."

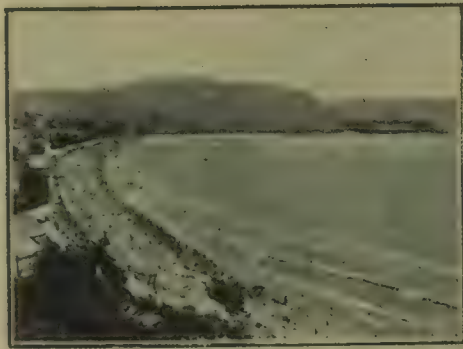
Everyone who visits the room is invited to "Stroke the cat for luck."—

*Daily Press.*

You will find "The Seven Ages of Woman" tableaux around the comfortable "rest lounge"

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(In the centre of the Palace of Industry)



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And whether you stay at palatial hotel, comfortable modern boarding establishment, hospitable farmhouse or fisherman's cottage, you may be certain of the far-famed Yorkshire fare which is the fitting complement to the bracing Yorkshire air.

Fuller information in illustrated booklet, "The Yorkshire Coast," and Apartments and Hotels Guide, free at any L.N.E.R. Office or from the Passenger Manager, Liverpool Street Station, E.C.2.



WITHERNSEA



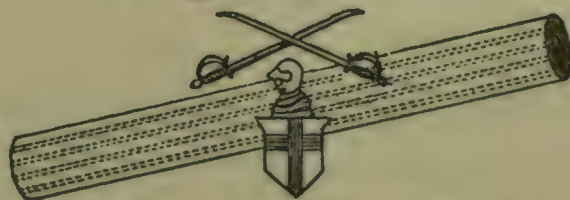
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## RADIO NOTES.

AT the negligible cost of about a farthing a day, any owner of a receiving-set may listen to radio entertainment for five or six hours every day throughout a whole year.

From July 1 the fee for a broadcast receiving license is a uniform one of ten shillings, irrespective of whether a complete receiving-set is purchased or whether the set is made at home.

About 300,000 listeners who paid fifteen shillings a year for the privilege of using a home-made set are affected by the new arrangement, and each will save a third of the former cost when taking out a new license on expiration of the existing one. Some interesting statistics were given recently by Lord Gainsford at the first annual general meeting of the British Broadcasting Company, Ltd. He stated that 804,000 licenses had been issued by the Postmaster-General to the end of May 1924, and that the B.B.C. had spent £148,961 on programmes up to March 31. The erection and equipment of broadcasting stations had cost £55,083. License fees received by the B.B.C. from the Post Office up to March 31 amounted to £105,484. Another statement of special interest to listeners was the fact that broadcast programmes are compiled five weeks in advance of performance. One has only to look at the B.B.C. weekly programme of transmissions from all broadcasting stations to gain an idea of the tremendous amount of work involved in arranging the hundreds of items and time-tables, with their intricacies created by broadcasting from individual stations, or simultaneously from all stations.

In these days no home is really complete without a broadcast receiving-set. By the acquisition of either a crystal set or a valve set, entertainment and information of all kinds, including opera, orchestras and bands, dance music, instrumental solos, concert parties, plays, speeches and talks, correct time from the Royal Observatory and from Big Ben, tomorrow's weather, news, and many other subjects of equal interest are available for reception in the home—and all for ten shillings a year, plus the cost of the apparatus.

In every home the invisible radio waves which carry the broadcasts are present during

the hours of transmission. They permeate everywhere, and only require to be intercepted by a receiving-set. In most houses in London, or in any other city or town served by a broadcasting station, an outside aerial is not absolutely necessary,

as it is quite easy to intercept the waves by an indoor aerial, which may consist of ordinary electric-bell wire hidden along the walls of rooms. A single-wire outdoor aerial is advisable, however, if it is desired to receive from distant stations.

If reception of a local station only is desired by means of a crystal set, the set is always ready for immediate use after once having adjusted the detector and tuned in to the wave-length of the station. The broadcasts may then be heard at any time by the simple process of placing the telephones to the ears. If the item heard does not suit the listener's mood of the moment, then the 'phones may be laid aside, and the set left to take care of itself until required for use later in the evening or during the next day, no further manipulation being necessary unless the detector has been thrown out of adjustment.

The procedure with a valve set is simpler still: for after the station is once tuned, the set will always respond directly the current for the valves is switched on; and as detection is dealt with by a valve, this most important action of the set cannot be thrown out of adjustment as can a crystal detector. A good crystal set enables from one to four or five persons to hear by wearing head-phones, and a multivalve set permits a roomful of people to hear from a loud-speaker; that is to say, without wearing head-phones. A crystal set costs nothing to maintain, but the accumulators of a valve set require charging every week, unless dull-emitter valves are used with current supplied from dry batteries, in which case the batteries need to be renewed about every three or six months—according to their size, and to the number of hours in use for reception.

Compared with a valve set, a crystal set is cheaper, but the number of people who may listen at the same time is limited, and separate head-phones must be purchased for each listener. A multi-valve set will receive long-distance stations in addition to the local station, and, moreover, a large number of people may hear simultaneously from the one loud-speaker, and on suitable occasions dance to music issuing from it.

W. H. S.



THE WORLD'S GREATEST LAWN-TENNIS PLAYER BROADCASTS: Mlle. SUZANNE LENGLEN SPEAKING FROM THE LONDON BROADCASTING STATION TO THOUSANDS OF RADIO LISTENERS. The voice of Mlle. Suzanne Lenglen was heard last week by many thousands of radio listeners in all parts of Great Britain on the occasion of her talk, entitled "Wimbledon this Year."—[Photograph by Topical.]

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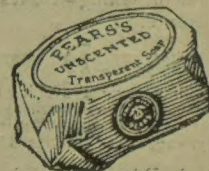
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# CHESS.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, 15, Essex Street, Strand, W.C.2.

E M VICARS (Norfolk).—In your solution of No. 3932 you have emulated a famous classical example. How do you carry on after 1. — R to Q 6th, or B takes R?

C H WATSON (Masham).—Your solution of No. 3933 makes it evident you must have set up the problem with the omission of the Black Pawn at K 5th. There can be no mate by 3. B to B 2nd, on account of P to K 6th, or by 3. Q to K 3rd, because the Queen cannot get there.

E A FRENCH (Lymington).—We trust you have received what you wanted of us. We shall always be glad to acknowledge your solutions.

H MAXWELL PRIDEAUX (Plymouth).—Thanks for your most interesting letter. We were well aware we trod on dangerous ground, but we did not expect to be blown sky-high, and with our own petard, too, in such quick time.

F J FALWELL (Caterham).—Perhaps the apology is due to you from us, for making your task too difficult. You have, however, the virtue of perseverance, by which every failure is made the stepping-stone to ultimate success. You will see that one solver of No. 3933 got over your difficulty of the superfluous Black Pawn by boldly abolishing it. No. 3934 you must look at again, and don't bustle the Queen about so much.

H F MARKER (Porbander).—Yes, you are mistaken over No. 3931, and are by no means alone in the error. The answer to 1. Q takes Kt is P to K 4th, and if then, 2. P takes P en pass. (dis ch), P to K B 4th prevents mate. For what purpose but the very prevention of this did you play 1. B to Q 8th?

M BEACH (Milton Bridge).—Black's defence of P to K 4th in No. 3931 does not save him. It is expressly to meet this the key move is designed. An explanation of P takes P en passant requires more space than we can give, but any elementary book on chess will supply you with full information.

BARON DE REUTER (Turin).—Your enclosure has been handed to the proper authority with a request that the omission to which you refer may be made good. Solutions are duly acknowledged in the usual place. The solution of No. 3931 was 1. B to Q 8th. You will see from other answers why 1. Q takes Kt fails.

W FINLAYSON (Edinburgh).—It is a great pleasure to hear from you again after such a long silence, and your batch of problems is most acceptable.

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3928 received from R W Hill (Melbourne); of No. 3930 from Baron De Reuter (Turin), H F Marker (Porbander, India), and G Parbury (Singapore); of No. 3931 from H F Marker (Porbander), and Horace E McFarland (St. Louis, Missouri); of No. 3932 from F J Falwell (Caterham), E A French (Lymington), M Beach (Milton Bridge), Baron De Reuter (Turin), and Rev. A D Meares (Baltimore); and of No. 3933 from L W Cafferata (Farndon), W N Powell (Ledbury), E A French (Lymington), W E Harrison (Leeds), and R B Pearce (Happisburgh).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3934 received from J J Duckworth (Newton-le-Willows), H W Satow (Bangor), C H Watson (Masham), J P Smith (Cricklewood), A W Hamilton-Gell (Exeter), C B S (Canterbury), W C D Smith (Northampton), Rev. W Scott

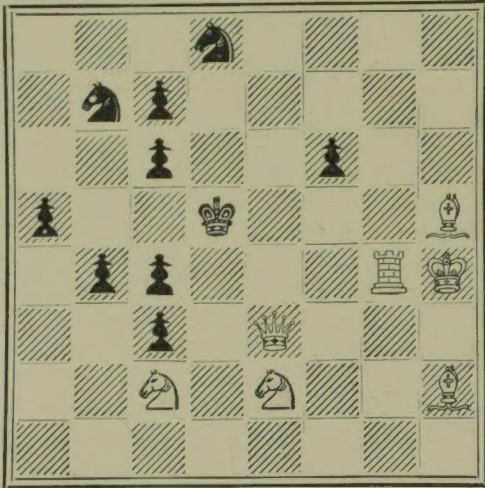
(Elgin), J Hunter (Leicester), L W Cafferata (Farndon), M E Jowett (Grange-on-Sands), W N Powell (Ledbury), S Caldwell (Hove), G Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham), and E G B Barlow (Bournemouth).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3933.—By J. M. K. LUPTON.

WHITE  
1. Kt to Kt 4th  
2. Q to Q 5th (ch)  
3. Mates accordingly.  
If Black play, 1. — K to B 4th, 2. Q to R 7th (ch), etc.; if 1. — K to K 6th, 2. Q to Q 5th, etc.; if 1. — K to B 6th, 2. Q to R 7th, etc.  
A clever and ambitious setting of flight squares for Black's King, continued through the second move. In such a position some duals are inevitable; but they have escaped notice, and many of our solvers are loud in their praise of the problem.

PROBLEM No. 3935.—By E. BOSWELL.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

The Chess Section of the Olympic International games will carry out its part of the programme by meeting in Paris on July 12, when an entry of nearly fifty competitors is expected. The full list of players is not yet published, but it is known that England will be represented by Mrs. Holloway and Mr. J. H. Blake, while Herr Max Euwe is amongst those appearing for Holland, and M. A. Muffang, with others, upholds

the honour of France. Scotland, Belgium, and Russia, together with other nations, are all likely to take part in the contest. The tournament will be arranged on the sectional system, as successfully adopted by the British Chess Federation at Southsea last summer. Two rounds a day will be played, and the congress will end on July 20.

## CHESS IN AMERICA.

Game played in the International Masters' Tournament at the Hotel Alamac, New York, between Dr. S. TARTAKOVER and Señor CAPA-BLANCA.

(King's Bishop Gambit.)

WHITE (Dr. T.) BLACK (Sr. C.)  
1. P to K 4th P to K 4th  
2. P to K B 4th P takes P  
3. B to K 2nd  
Constituting what has been called the Little Bishop's Gambit. It was a favourite opening of Bird's, as it afforded adventurous chances, but the present game shows its uselessness against the modern school of development.  
Threatening, of course, to win a piece by Q to R 4th (ch). In view of Black's defensive resource, however, B takes P at once is sounder play.  
9. K to B 2nd R takes B  
10. B takes P Castles  
11. Kt to K B 3rd Kt to B 3rd  
12. Kt to B 3rd P to Q Kt 4th  
13. Kt to B 3rd P to Q Kt 4th  
14. B to Q 3rd Kt to Kt 5 (ch)  
15. K to Kt sq B to Kt 2nd  
16. B to B 5th B takes Kt  
17. P takes B Kt to K 6th  
18. B takes P (ch)  
19. Q to Q 3rd B takes Kt  
20. P takes B Kt to Q 4th  
21. B to K 4th Kt to B 5th  
22. Q to Q 2nd Q to R 5th  
23. K to B sq P to B 4th  
24. B to B 6th R to B 3rd  
From here to the end the opposition is simply obliterated.  
25. P to Q 5th R to Q sq  
26. R to Q sq R takes B  
27. P takes R R takes Q  
28. R takes R Kt to K 3rd  
29. R to Q 6th Q to Q B 5 (ch)  
30. K to Kt 2nd Q to K 7 (ch)  
31. Resigns.

In effect he has tried to give the odds of King's Rook to the Champion.

By command of his Majesty the King, the refreshments at the Garden Party held at Buckingham Palace on Wednesday, June 25, were provided by Messrs. J. Lyons and Company Ltd.

In our issue of June 28, the portrait of Mlle. Suzanne Lenglen, the famous lawn-tennis player, on the front page, was described, by an oversight, as being from a photograph by W. Caudery. It was, in reality, the work of Messrs. Bassano, Ltd.

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- (4) Every picture entered must have been taken on Kodak  $3\frac{1}{2} \times 2\frac{1}{2}$  Film Pack by the Competitor, though he or she need not have done the development, printing or mounting.
- (5) Entries must be addressed to Photo Competition, Wright's Coal Tar Soap, 48 Southwark Street, London, S.E.1, and must arrive not later than August 30, 1924. The

result will be advertised in the Daily Mail on September 30.

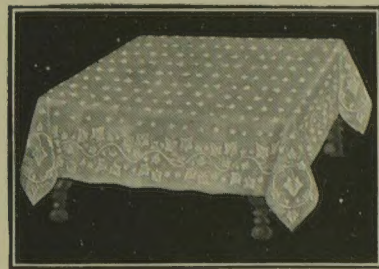
- (6) The proprietors of Wright's Coal Tar Soap reserve to themselves the right of purchasing the copyright of any of the photographs sent for £2 2s. each.
- (7) Kodak Limited will act as judges to the competition and their decision must be accepted as final.
- (8) Competitors may choose any of the following subjects, and the prizes will be awarded to the pictures that best illustrate the spirit of the title: photographic excellence or technical quality will not count—it is the picture that will win the prize.

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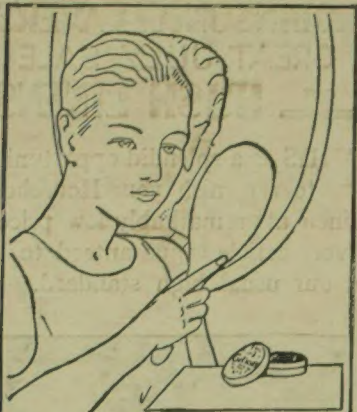


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